TALE OF A TUB,

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque deſideratum.

To which are added,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

BETWEEN THE

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS.

In St. James's Library.

And a Diſcourſe, concerning the Mechanical

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

With the Author's Apology, and Explanatory Notes,

BY W. WOTTON, B.D. AND OTHERS.

Baſima eacabaſa eanaa irrauriſta, diarba da caeotaba fobor camelanthi.
Iren. l. 1. c. 18.

—— Iuvatque novos decerpere flores,
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora muſæ. Lucret.

Cooke's Edition.

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LIFE OF SWIFT.

SEVERAL biographers, and thoſe too of eminence, have preſented to the world Memoirs of the life and writings of the immortal Swift, a man whoſe original genius and extraordinary talents have placed him in a rank above competition: but through the different and ſometimes diametrically oppoſite lights in which he has been repreſented by thoſe writers, a diverſity of opinions has been formed by readers, according to their various prepoſſeſſions, and the degree of candour or prejudice by which they have been influenced.

The ſources from which this narrative is taken, are the writings of Lord Orrery, Mr. Dean Swift, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Sheridan; theſe ſeveral productions have been attentively reviſed, and ſuch parts of them ſelected as ſeemed to bear the moſt probable marks of truth, candour and authenticity. To theſe we have added ſome particulars communicated by a Correſpondent, whoſe anceſtor had lived in a long habit of intimacy with our author.

Jonathan Swift was born in the City of Dublin, on the 30th of November, in the year 1667; and was carried into England ſoon after his birth by his nurſe, who, being obliged to croſs the ſea, and having a great affection for the child, conveyed him on ſhipboard without the knowledge of his mother or relations, and kept him with her at Whitehaven in Cumberland, during a reſidence of three years at that place.

This circumſtance, with other incidents, gave riſe to an opinion that Swift was born in England; indeed he has been frequently heard to ſay, when provoked by the ingratitude of the people of Ireland; "I am not of this "vile country, I am an Engliſhman." This aſſertion, although meant figuratively, was often received literally; and the report was ſtill further confirmed by Mr. Pope, who in one of his letters has this expreſſion. "Though

" one or two of our friends are gone ſince you ſaw your " *native* country." But Swift in his cooler hours never denied his country: on the contrary, he frequently mentioned the houſe in Dublin where he was born.

Another ſuggeſtion concerning his being a natural Son of Sir William Temple is equally without foundation; for it appears from hiſtorical evidence, that Sir William was reſident as Britiſh Miniſter abroad, from the year 1665 to the year 1670, firſt at Bruſſels, afterwards at the Hague; ſo that Dean Swift's mother, who never croſſed the ſea, except from England to Ireland, could not poſſibly have had perſonal knowledge of Sir William Temple till ſome years after her ſon's birth, which happened, as before obſerved, in 1667.

When young Swift returned to Ireland, being then ſix years old, he was ſent to the ſchool of Kilkenny, and at fourteen admitted as a ſtudent of the Univerſity of Dublin. The expences of his education being defrayed by his uncle, Godwin Swift, whoſe want of economy had involved him in great difficulties, and ſubjected him to the neceſſity of reducing the ſtipend allowed his nephew to a very narrow pittance; he was ſo diſcouraged and diſpirited by the contracted ſtate of his finances, that he neglected the dry parts of academical ſtudy, ſuch as logic and metaphyſics, and paſſed his time chiefly in ready hiſtory and poetry, as more adapted to amuſe him in his melancholy ſituation. In conſequence of this neglect, when he appeared as a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was ſet aſide, as he himſelf expreſſes it, for dulneſs and inſufficiency. It is to be ſuppoſed that the word dulneſs was on this occaſion uſed by Swift in a jocular ſenſe, as the cauſe aſſigned for ſtopping a candidate of a degree, for not making a proper anſwer to any queſtion propounded in ſome branch of literature appointed for that particular examination; which does not neceſſarily imply dulneſs, as it may as well proceed from idleneſs or neglect. But in Swift it was rather to be imputed to contumacy than either the one or the other; however through the intereſt of his

his friends, he at length obtained his degree *ſpeciali gratiâ*, by ſpecial favour, where it ſtill remains upon record in the regiſter of the Univerſity.

Swift remained three years at Trinity College, after this diſgraceful circumſtance, little known or regarded. By ſcholars he was deemed a blockhead, and as his ſcanty pittance would not admit of aſſociating with his equals, he ſeemed to mix with thoſe of a lower claſs, and therefore lived in a recluſe manner, purſuing his ſtudy of hiſtory and poety, or ruminating on his unfortunate ſituation; yet ſuch was the force of his genius, that notwithſtanding the preſſure of his circumſtances, he drew out, at the age of nineteen, his firſt ſketch of the *Tale of a Tub*. This fact is confirmed by his chamber-fellow at College, Mr. Waryng, who declared he ſaw it in Swift's hand-writing when he was of that age; and amazing it is that at ſuch an early period of life, our author, great as his genius was, ſhould have learning and capacity enough to frame ſo bold an allegory, and ſupport it with ſuch ſpirit throughout a number of ſheets.

In the year 1688 Swift was deprived of the aſſiſtance of his uncle Godwin, who was ſeized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of attending to buſineſs, as well as expoſed the deranged ſtate of his affairs to the world. Finding his fortune, in conſequence of this calamitous event, clouded with a melancholy aſpect, he determined to leave the kingdom, and took a journey to Leiceſter in order to conſult with his mother upon his future plan of life. She directed him to apply to Sir William Temple, and ſolicit his advice, and patronage. The lady of Sir William was her relation and there had been a long intimacy between Sir John Temple, father of Sir William, and Godwin Swift, during the time Sir John had been Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland However averſe ſuch an application might be to Swift's haughty ſpirit, yet as it was his only reſource, he followed his mother's advice; preſented himſelf to Sir William Temple, at Shene; and was received, and treated, with that

hoſpitality and indulgence, to which his family connections and unfortunate ſituation gave him a double claim.

On the ſuggeſtion of Sir William, who pointed out to him the neceſſity of retrieving loſt time, he applied himſelf with great aſſiduity to his ſtudies, which engroſſed his attention at leaſt eight hours a day, with but few intermiſſions. The firſt of theſe was occaſioned by an illneſs from a ſurfeit of fruit, to which he aſcribed that coldneſs of ſtomach and giddineſs of head, with which he was affected, more or leſs, during the remainder of his life.

After two years reſidence at Moor Park, to which place his patron had removed, when the ſtate troubles had ceaſed; his health became ſo impaired, that in compliance with the advice of phyſicians he went to Ireland to try the effects of his native air; but deriving no benefit from it, he ſoon returned to England and was again received moſt affectionately by Sir William Temple, with whom, riſing into confidence, he was often truſted with matters of great importance, as well as employed by him in the correction of his own works.

It is conjectured, and with great probability, that the very extraordinary attachment of Sir William to our author, aroſe from his having ſhewn him his *Tale of a Tub*, after its reviſion and correction at his leiſure hours, during the two years of his reſidence with his liberal patron. A work bearing the ſtamp of ſuch originality of genius muſt have ingratiated him with a man of Sir William Temple's refined taſte and ripened judgment.

Sir William had been Ambaſſador and Mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen prior to the Revolution. In this character he conciliated the eſteem of the Prince of Orange, who ſoon after he aſcended the throne of England, viſited him at Shene, and conſulted him in the moſt important buſineſs of the State. Here Swift was introduced by his patron to that Monarch, who was ſo captivated with his talents that he offered to make him

a Captain

a Captain of horſe, but upon his declining that offer from a predilection for the Church, he obtained the promiſe of a Prebendary, as appears from a Letter to his uncle, William Swift, dated 1692, in which he writes "I am not to take orders till the King makes "me Prebend."

About this time a Bill was brought into the Houſe of Commons for triennial Parliaments, to which the King, who was a ſtranger to the Britiſh Conſtitution was very averſe, and therefore ſent the Earl of Portland to Sir William Temple, to conſult him on the expediency of the meaſure then pending in that Houſe. Sir William, having in vain attempted to convince the Earl that the paſſing of the Bill would by no means militate againſt the power of the Crown, ſent Swift to his Majeſty, with a compendious account in writing, of the reſult of the conference between himſelf and the Earl. Upon this occaſion Swift not only enforced the arguments of his Patron, but took the liberty of introducing ſome remarks of his own, being well verſed in Engliſh Hiſtory: all he advanced however could not prevail with the King to adopt the advice of Sir William Temple, ſo that the deſign of his (Swifts') miſſion was totally fruſtrated, nor did the Bill ever obtain the Royal ſanction. This was the firſt time Swift had any converſe with courts, and he often obſerved to his friends, that the mortification reſulting from his diſappointment, acted in future very powerfully as a antidote againſt his vanity.

Swift continued to proſecute his ſtudies with unremitting aſſiduity, and from a conviction of the indiſpenſible neceſſity of exerciſe to prevent the loſs of health, he uſed to run a mile and a half up and down a hill that was near the houſe, every two hours. From this very cloſe application it may juſtly be concluded that he was determined to prepare himſelf for his degree of Maſter of Arts, in ſuch a manner as to wipe away the diſgrace attending his admittance to that of Bachelor in the Univerſity of Dublin. Accordingly he went to Oxford, in 1692, took his Maſters' degree,

and, from the ſatisfaction he expreſſes at the reception he met with from the univerſity, he was no doubt diſtinguiſhed as a ſcholar, and found the grand end he propoſed in the proſecution of his ſtudies fully accompliſhed.

From Oxford he returned to Moor-Park, where he aſſiſted Sir William Temple in the reviſion of his works, corrected and improved the *Tale of a Tub*, and added the *Digreſſions*, which are written in a vein of humour and ſatire peculiar to the author.

From a long ſeries of reſidence and converſation with Sir William, who was a finiſhed ſtateſman, and verſed in all the fineſſe and duplicity of courts, Swift acquired great political knowledge, and was induced to ſuſpect the ſincerity of Sir William's promiſes, of uſing his intereſt with his Majeſty in his behalf. In this ſtate of anxious expectation he continued at Moor-Park two years longer, till at length conceiving that Sir William kept him there merely to ſubſerve his own purpoſes, he determined at all events to leave him, and enter upon the grand theatre of life.

When Swift communicated his reſolution to Sir William Temple; he appeared to be highly chagrined; to obviate however the imputation of forfeiting his word, he told him that at preſent he could do no more than appoint him to a vacant employment in the Rolls-office in Ireland, the ſalary of which was about a hundred a year. Swift piqued at an offer which he deemed ſo inadequate to his deſerts; laconically replied, "that ſince he had no opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was reſolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders," and they parted on this occaſion, not without evident tokens of diſpleaſure on the part of Sir William, and reſentment on the part of Swift.

While he lived with Sir William Temple at Moor-Park, he paid an annual viſit to his mother at Leiceſter, and his mode of travelling was very ſingular. He always went on foot, unleſs the weather was very bad,

and

and then he would take ſhelter in a waggon. He choſe to dine at obſcure alehouſes, frequented by pedlars, and at night would go to a penny lodging, where he procured clean ſheets for ſixpence. Some aſcribe this ſtrange practice to parſimony, and others with more apparent probability to a deſire of ſeeing human life in all the variety of its ſcenes and ſtations.

According to his reſolution, Swift went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694, being then almoſt twenty ſeven years old, and having no higher view than that of obtaining the Chaplainſhip of the Factory at Liſbon, through the intereſt of a relation, who reſided as a merchant in that city. But in the interim he was recommended to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, who gave him the Prebend of Kilroot in the Dioceſe of Connor a northern diſtrict, the income of which was about one hundred pounds a year.

To this place Swift immediately repaired to take upon him the duties of his office; but he was ſoon diſguſted with his ſituation, being at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, that it abſolutely deprived him of that kind of converſation and ſociety in which he delighted. He had been uſed to very different ſcenes in England, and had naturally an averſion to ſolitude and retirement. Happily therefore for him, he ſoon received a letter from Sir William Temple, with an invitation to Moor-Park, which fixed his reſolution of compliance; but he firſt determined to reſign his living.

This reſignation was highly commendable on the part of Swift, as it was in favour of a poor curate who had a numerous family to maintain, on the miſerable pittance of forty pounds a year. It is mentioned by a gentleman of veracity, that Swift was ſo affected by the lively ſenſation of the poor man to whom he had rendered ſo eſſential a ſervice, as to declare he had never felt ſuch exquiſite pleaſure of mind as he did upon that memorable occaſion.

When he arrived at Moor-Park in 1695, after a year's

year's abſence, he met with the moſt cordial reception from Sir William Temple, who was ſo highly gratified by his return, that for the remainder of Sir William's life, which was about four years, theſe two great men lived together in the moſt perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and eſteem. During this time Swift wrote the *Battle of the Books*, of which Sir William is the hero, and the eulogium paid to his profound learning and ſuperior talents in that work reflect the higheſt honour on his character. To paſs his leiſure hours, Swift undertook the tuition of Sir William's niece, inſtructing her in the Engliſh language, and pointing out ſuch books as were proper for her to read. Miſs Johnſon, afterwards ſo well known by the name of Stella, who reſided in the family, became his pupil, and as ſhe was at that time about fourteen, beautiful in her perſon and elegant in her manners, no taſk could be more grateful to Swift than that of cultivating her talents and forming her mind.

In 1699, Sir William Temple died, and left a legacy to Swift, together with the care and truſt of publiſhing his poſthumous works, having obtained for him, from King William, a promiſe of the firſt prebend that ſhould be vacant at Weſtminſter, or Canterbury. Such were the regard and attention which Swift ſhewed to this great man, that in his laſt illneſs he kept a daily regiſter of the various turns of his diſorder, from July 1ſt 1668, to the 27th of January 1669, which he concludes with this note, "He died at one o'clock in the "morning, and with him all that was great and good amongſt men."

Upon the demiſe of his patron, Swift came to London, and applied by petition to King William, for the firſt vacant prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter, according to the royal promiſe, and to facilitate the ſucceſs of this application, he dedicated the poſthumous works with which he was entruſted, to his Majeſty. But neither the dedication, petition, nor ſubſequent memorial which he preſented, had any effect, ſo that

after

after a fruitleſs attendance at court for ſome time, he accepted of an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley, then appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom as his Chaplain and private Secretary, which offices he filled, till they arrived at Dublin, when one Buſh found an opportunity to inſinuate to his Lordſhip, that the poſt of Secretary was not proper for a Clergyman, to whom only church preferments could be ſuitable, ſo that the Earl diveſted Swift of the Secretaryſhip, and conferred it upon Buſh. Swift, fired with reſentment at this illiberal treatment, expreſſed his ſenſibility of it in a ſhort but ſatirical copy of verſes, entitled *the Diſcovery*, which placed his Lordſhip, and his new made Secretary, in a ridiculous point of view.

This diſappointment was ſoon after followed by another. The rich Deanery of Derry, which was at his Lordſhip's diſpoſal, became vacant, and Swift expected to obtain it, but he was fruſtrated in his hope; for through the Secretary's influence, ſecured by a bribe, it was given to another, and Lord Berkeley, fearful of the reſentment of an exaſperated genius, immediately preſented him with the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the Dioceſe of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the Deanery; the former being worth about two hundred, and the latter about ſixty pounds a year. Theſe were the only church preferments that Swift enjoyed, till he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. He did not however eſtrange himſelf from Lord Berkeley's family, from the great honour and reſpect he had for his excellent Lady, whoſe virtues he has celebrated in the Introduction to *The Project for the Advancement of Religion*. He alſo wrote ſeveral little pieces for the private entertainment of the family, among which was one remarkable for its genuine humour, entitled, *The humble Petition of Mr. Frances Harris, &c.*

When Lord Berkeley left Ireland, he went to reſide at Laracor, where he performed all the duties of his function

function with great decency and exactneſs, and gave notice that he would read prayers every Wedneſday, and Friday. Upon the ſubſequent Wedneſday the bell was rung, and the Rector attended in his deſk, where after having ſat down, and finding the congregation to conſiſt only of himſelf, and his Clerk *Roger*, he began, with great compoſure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himſelf, "Dearly beloved Roger, the "ſcripture moveth *you* and *me* in ſundry places" and proceeded regularly through the whole ſervice. We mention this trifling circumſtance to ſhew that he could not reſiſt a vein of humour, when he had an opportunity of exerting it, and having given a particular example of his humour, we ſhall give the following inſtance of his pride.

While Swift was Chaplain to Lord Berkeley, his only ſiſter, with the concurrence of her friends, was married to a tradeſman of fair character and conſiderable property. Swift, diſdaining an alliance with a tradeſman, utterly refuſed all reconciliation with his ſiſter, nor would liſten to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland, under an aſſurance of pacifying his anger, having found him in every other inſtance a dutiful and obedient ſon; but his pride was not to be conquered, and his mother finding her ſon inflexible, returned to Leiceſter, where ſhe continued till the time of her death.

During his reſidence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland Miſs Johnſon, his former pupil, to whom Sir William Temple, in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices as ſteward, had left a legacy of a thouſand pounds. She was accompanied by her friend Mrs. Dingley, whoſe whole fortune, though ſhe was related to the Temples, was only twenty ſeven pounds a year for her life. With theſe ladies he paſſed his leiſure hours, and no doubt but the converſation of the amiable Stella, who by his own account poſſeſſed every accompliſhment that could adorn her ſex, contributed not a little to ſweeten his retirement, which otherwiſe muſt ſoon have become

become burthenſome to ſo active a ſpirit. But it is very remarkable, that neither of theſe ladies reſided in the ſame houſe with him, nor did he ever ſee them without a third perſon being preſent. They lived at the parſonage when Swift was abſent, and when he returned, removed to the houſe of a neighbouring Clergyman. From Laracor he made frequent excurſions to Dublin, and paid an annual viſit to England, hoping that ſome favourable opportunity would offer for the aggrandizement of his fame and fortune.

In 1701, Swift took his degree of Doctor in Divinity, and afterwards came to London, where he found the public mind agitated by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Oxford, and Lords Sommonds and Halifax, by the Houſe of Commons. This event produced his firſt political Eſſay, entitled, *A Diſcourſe on the Conteſts and Diſſentions in Athens and Rome*, in which he diſplayed great knowledge in ancient Hiſtory, as well as ſkill in the Engliſh conſtitution, and the ſtate of parties, without at that time any attachment to either, being actuated by truly diſintereſted and patriotic principles.

As he concealed his name with the greateſt caution, this much talked of pamphlet, ſo replete with political knowledge, was attributed to Biſhop Burnet; but Swift himſelf diſcovered the author upon the following occaſion. On his return to Ireland, happening to fall in company with Biſhop Sheridan, that prelate, on the ſubject of the pamphlet coming upon the tapis, inſiſted that it was written by Biſhop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it. Swift maintained the contrary, and being urged, peremptorily averred that it was not written by Burnet, upon which Biſhop Sheridan aſking, who wrote it? Swift replied, "My Lord, I wrote it." Johnſon, in his Life of Swift, obſerves, that when he ſeemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the Biſhop, "that he was "*a young man*," and ſtill perſiſting to doubt, the Prelate declared he was "*a very poſitive young man.*" This was the only piece he ever explicitly averred.

Early

Early in the ſpring of 1702, King William died, an event that opened to the political world a new ſcene of action. When his ſucceſſor, Queen Anne, came to the throne; the whigs and tories, "creatures," according to the deſcription of a whimſical author in the laſt century, "who are born with a ſecret antipathy to each other, and engage as naturally when they meet as the elephant and rhinoceros," were warmly contending for the aſcendancy; and it was generally ſuppoſed that the Tories would have prevailed, but contrary to all expectation the whigs had managed matters with ſuch dexterity, as to ſecure the confidence of the Queen, and of courſe obtain the adminiſtration of Government. Swift's friends were now in power, and from the ſpecimen he had given of his political knowledge, in his *Diſcourſe on the Conteſts, &c.* wiſhed to retain him in their ſervice; but notwithſtanding his intereſt and perſonal attachment were on their ſide, he declined all concern in their affairs. The reaſon aſſigned by Mr. Sheridan in his life, was their encouragement of Fanatics, and Sectaries of all kinds, under an open profeſſion of Low-church principles, and indeed maintaining univerſal toleration, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conſcience. However this motive may evince his ſincerity, it can be no proof of his liberality, in the opinion of thoſe who conſider religious liberty as the indiſputable claim of rational beings.

Having at this juncture declined all political concerns, his time was moſtly employed in compoſing ſermons, and attending to his parochial duties; nor did he indulge himſelf in any ſallies of fancy till the year 1703, when he penned his *Meditations on a Broomſtick*, and *the Tritical Eſſay on the Faculties of the Mind*. The firſt of theſe was written in deriſion of that canting, fanatical language, which is too often uſed to delude weak and credulous minds; and the other to expoſe the folly and preſumption of ſuperficial ſcribblers, who, by a bombaſtic ſtyle, endeavour to give an importance to the moſt futile and trivial ſubjects.

In

In the year 1704, he firſt publiſhed his *Tale of a Tub*, which he had kept by him, by his own confeſſion, eight years after it had been completely finiſhed. Mr. Sheridan conſiders this work as conducive to the intereſts of real religion, in ſhewing the effects of ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm in a ludicrous point of view; but Johnſon and others think it of a very dangerous tendency; indeed the major part of the clergy of that day were of the ſame opinion, as appears from Archbiſhop Sharpe's having ſhewn it to the Queen, in order to debar the author from obtaining a biſhopric; nor did Swift, upon that occaſion, deny his writing it, though it was evidently repugnant to his intereſt. After the publication of this work, his acquaintance was much ſought after by all perſons of taſte and genius; a ſincere and laſting friendſhip ſubſiſted between him and Mr. Addiſon; and he lived in habits of intimacy with Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Parnel, Garth, Berkeley, and other eminent literary characters of that day.

There paſſed an interval of four years between this period, and the time of Swift's ſtarting from a ſtate of inactivity, when he publiſhed, in 1708, ſeveral pieces on political and religious ſubjects, ſuch as, *The Sentiments of a Church of Englandman*;—*Arguments againſt abolißing Chriſtianity*;—and, *A Defence of the Sacramental Teſt*. From the general tenor of theſe works Swift's political and religious principles may be eaſily deduced. It will appear, that he was by no means exempt from the prejudices that prevailed in thoſe days; that he was an advocate for a blind and implicit deference for particular doctrines and tenets, without inveſtigating the validity of their foundation; and that, with reſpect to toleration, his principles were inimical to a general liberty of conſcience. In a word, however free and unbiaſſed his mind might be in other reſpects, in religious matters it was contracted, partial and illiberal. He wrote alſo, the ſame year, thoſe admirable papers on Partridge, the almanack-maker, under the name of Bickerſtaff.

In 1709, he publiſhed a tract, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion.* This was a very ſtrong, though covert attack upon the power of the whigs.—Swift had diſcerned that the Queen was then meditating a change in the miniſtry; to effect which, he knew nothing could more forcibly contribute, than to inſinuate that the church was in danger, and called loudly for the protection of her Majeſty, and the countenance and ſupport of the miniſtry, and all perſons veſted with authority under the crown; intimating, that the Queen ſhould employ none in her miniſtry, or in any offices about her perſon, but ſuch as were warmly attached to the religion eſtabliſhed by law; which was, in effect, to ſay, that ſhe muſt diſcard the whigs or low-church-party, and chuſe her officers from among the tories or high-church-party, in order to reſcue the church from the deſtruction with which it was threatened. But the project laid down in this tract ſuppoſes more zeal, concord, and perſeverance, to carry it into execution, than, from a general view of mankind, can be reaſonably expected.

Swift began his political career in 1710, when the whigs were diſmiſſed, and a tory miniſtry was appointed in their ſtead. Being then in England, he was deputed by the Primate of Ireland, to ſolicit the Queen for a remiſſion of the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of that kingdom. Having received his credentials, he applied to Harley, not only becauſe he took the lead in adminiſtration, but becauſe he had been repreſented to him as a man neglected and oppreſſed by the late miniſtry, for having refuſed to co-operate with them in ſome of their ſchemes. Harley received him with apparent cordiality, as a man capable of rendering him the moſt eſſential ſervices in the proſecution of the plan he had in contemplation, and ſoon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence has been doubted; for Lord Orrery, who was well acquainted with courts and courtiers, obſerves, "that Harley, as a gentleman and a ſcholar, might be open and unreſerved to Doctor Swift, as far as his nature would permit; but as a miniſter of ſtate, he

he ever appeared myſterious and enigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the Delphian deity, in occult terms, and ambiguous expreſſions." The Doctor ſoon after became perſonally acquainted with the reſt of the miniſters, who courted and careſſed him with uncommon aſſiduity, and admitted him to a political aſſociation, who dined together, ſtatedly, every week, and went under the denomination of *Brothers*.

From this time the Doctor ſupported the intereſt of his new friends with all his powers, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers. The writers on both ſides attacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig ſide were Mr. Addiſon, Biſhop Burnet, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and others of leſs note. On the part of the tories were Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Mr. Prior, and their new aſſociate, Doctor Swift.

The tory party had begun a weekly paper, called *The Examiner*, and had publiſhed twelve numbers, but as ſoon as Swift had declared his reſolution to eſpouſe their cauſe, they committed to him the ſole management of that paper. He wrote thirty-three numbers, and it was generally allowed that in point of argument, wit, and ſatire, he baffled all his opponents, and maintained a decided ſuperiority; which ſecured him the utmoſt degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley, but the whole miniſtry, being always preſent at their moſt ſacred conſultations on political matters, and a conſtant companion of their choſen parties, to enliven their ſocial hours.

But the attention of Swift was not ſo totally engroſſed by politics as to obliterate from his mind the remembrance of Stella; for, amidſt all the buſineſs and honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and tranſmitted her a journal regularly, dated every fortnight, during the whole time of his connection with Queen Anne's miniſtry; and from theſe unreſtrained effuſions of his heart, many particu

lars are known, which could not have been diſcovered by any other means.

So active was Swift in the cauſe he eſpouſed, that he was not content with performing every thing within his own department, but he let ſlip no opportunity of urging miniſters to do what was proper on their part.—He told them their faults with great freedom, ſometimes in a ſerious, and ſometimes in a jocoſe manner, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote, which ſhews how freely he indulged himſelf in this vein. He had ever conceived, ſince he had joined the party, that Harley, now created Earl of Oxford, was rather too tardy in his meaſures, to which he took occaſion to allude, on the following circumſtance.

Swift having received a preſent of a curious ſnuff-box from Colonel Hill, an officer who had ſignalized his valour at the battle of Almanza, he ſhewed it to Lord Oxford, who, after having admired the painting and the workmanſhip, turned up the bottom of the box, where he eſpied a figure reſembling a gooſe, upon which, turning to the Doctor, he ſaid, "Jonathan, I think the Colonel has made a *gooſe* of you!"—"'Tis true, My Lord," replied Swift, "but if you will look a little further, you will ſee I am driving a *ſnail* before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl cooly replied, "That's ſevere enough, Jonathan; but I deſerve it."

It does not appear that Swift at this time had any great expectations from his connections with theſe exalted characters; as in one of his letters to his favourite Stella, he writes thus, "The miniſtry are good honeſt fellows; I uſe them like dogs, becauſe I expect they will uſe me ſo. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I ſaid I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me; and that I never knew a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures; but I care not."

In 1711 he wrote a letter to the October Club, a ſociety, compoſed, according to his own account, of "above

"above an hundred parliament-men, of the country-party, who drank October-beer at home, and met every evening at a tavern, near the new parliament-houſe, to drive things on to extremes againſt the whigs, to call the old miniſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads." Swift foreſaw that the cabals of this club would, if perſiſted in, be attended with the moſt dangerous conſequences to the miniſtry. To put an end therefore to theſe cabals, was the purport and deſign of this letter, which had the deſired effect; for they were ſo well ſatisfied with the advice given in it, that their meetings were no more continued, and the members of that club were afterwards the firmeſt friends the miniſtry had in the Houſe of Commons.

In the ſame year he publiſhed, *Propoſals for Correcting, Improving, and Aſcertaining the Engliſh Tongue*, in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford. It was to erect ſome kind of ſociety, under the protection of the Queen, for that purpoſe; the method to be ſubmitted to the ſociety. Dr. Johnſon ſays that "this letter is written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without an accurate enquiry into the hiſtory of other tongues;" and from the tenor of his remarks, he ſeems to think the plan would not have anſwered the purpoſe. But as liberality of criticiſm was not amongſt the good qualities attached to the Doctor's character, no certain inference can be drawn from his opinion, eſpecially as the plan was never carried into execution. Swift, however mentions, in a letter to a friend, that the Lord Treaſurer (Harley) talked of the plan very warmly, but was too buſy to attend to it at that juncture.

From the diſſenſions which prevailed in the cabinet, Swift foreſaw the ruin of the miniſtry; and as nothing could keep them in power but the accompliſhment of their grand object, a peace; to bring about that important event, he wrote his famous political tract, called *The Conduct of the Allies*, which he confeſſed coſt him much pains, and which ſucceeded beyond his expectations. It was publiſhed at the cloſe of the year 1711, a

few days before the parliament met, and in the courſe of two months 11,000 copies were ſold, ſeven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The purpoſe of this tract was to perſuade the nation to a peace, and it produced a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, who had been deluded by the partizans for the continuance of the war, into an opinion that it would ultimately redound to the glory of England; but the foundation and effects of the war were ſo forcibly pointed out, by the author of *The Conduct of the Allies*, that the advocates for it were confounded between ſhame and rage, when it evidently appeared that mines had been exhauſted, and millions deſtroyed, to ſecure the Dutch or aggrandize the Emperor, without any advantage to the people of this country. This tract became ſo popular that it engroſſed public converſation, and furniſhed the tory members with arguments for debate in favour of peace, in both houſes of parliament; and the reſolutions, which were printed in the votes, and which never would have paſſed but for *The Conduct of the Allies*, were little more than quotations from it. After ſo ſignal a ſervice it is no wonder that the author grew into the greateſt confidence with the miniſtry, and that they ever afterwards courted his approbation of their meaſures.

In 1712, he publiſhed his *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*; an appendage to his *Conduct of the Allies*; as alſo, his *Remarks on the Biſhop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of his Hiſtory of the Reformation*.—This pamphlet was written to alarm the nation on the probable approach of popery, and as Swift differed widely with the Biſhop in political opinions, he treats him with great aſperity in his reflections.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing that Swift, notwithſtanding his influence with the miniſtry, ſhould have remained ſo long without preferment; but it appears that they were far from being unmindful of his ſervices, for they had applied to the Queen to recommend him to a vacant biſhopric, but there were two obſtacles which fruſtrated the

the deſign of his friends in their application. The one was the diſguſt of the clergy at his *Tale of a Tub*, and the other the reſentment of the Ducheſs of Somerſet, a favourite with the Queen, whom he had ridiculed with much point in a copy of verſes, entitled, *The Windſor Prophecy*. This lady prevailed with the Archbiſhop of York, who was as inimical to Swift as her Grace, to oppoſe his promotion, and the Prelate plied the artillery of the church againſt him, intimating to the Queen—"That her Majeſty ſhould be ſure that the man ſhe was going to make a Biſhop of was a Chriſtian." The Ducheſs alſo repreſented to the Queen the indignity with which ſhe had been treated by the inſolent ſatyriſt, and preſented the copy of verſes to her Majeſty, who, as a mark of her diſpleaſure, paſſed by Swift in the nomination, and ſubſtituted another.

As ſoon as it was known that Swift had rendered himſelf obnoxious to the Queen, his enemies attacked him with the utmoſt virulence. Speeches were made againſt him in both houſes of parliament. The Scotch Peers, in a body, repreſented to the Queen the injury he had done the honour of their nation, in a pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, written in anſwer to Steel's *Criſis*, and interceded with her Majeſty that the author might be brought to condign puniſhment. But ſoon after, through the interpoſition of the Earl of Oxford, he regained the favour of the Queen, and appeared at court as uſual.

In April, 1713, about the time of the concluſion of the peace, he was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, which ſeems to have been the higheſt preferment his friends were diſpoſed to give him. Dr. Johnſon ſays, "That miniſtry was in a great degree ſupported by the clergy, who were not reconciled to the author of *The Tale of a Tub*; and would not, without much diſcontent and indignation, have borne to ſee him inſtalled in an Engliſh cathedral." But whatever might have been the motive for conferring upon him the Deanery of St. Patrick in Dublin, it was not ſo acceptable to him as an appoint-

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ment in England would have been, though attended with much leſs power and profit.

In June following he went over to Dublin, to take poſſeſſion of the Deanery, intending to take up his reſidence there for ſome time, but was ſoon recalled to England, in order to reconcile a difference between Harley and Bolingbroke, the conſequences of which were juſtly dreaded by their friends. Having exerted his utmoſt efforts to bring about a reconciliation between theſe two great ſtateſmen, without effect, he gave up the point, and told them he would take his leave, and decline in future all political concerns. He then retired, in June, 1714, to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, where he wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Free Thoughts on the preſent State of Affairs*, in which he cenſures, with great acrimony, the conduct of his friends in adminiſtration, and imputes the derangement of public affairs to the diſſentions which prevailed in the cabinet. But no proof could be made of the effect of this piece, as the publication was delayed till the Queen's death, when Swift recalled the copy, which was afterwards depoſited in the hands of a friend, and has ſince been publiſhed.

In this gay part of his life, he became acquainted with Miſs Eſther Vanhomrig, a young lady of great mental and perſonal accompliſhments, much inclined to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. Swift viſiting the family in London, became in a ſhort time a kind of preceptor to the young lady, took great pleaſure in directing her in the choice of books, and by many aſſiduities ſoftened her into a degree of complacency, which was at length improved into love; and ſhe ventured to make the Doctor a propoſal of marriage. It is probable that his attachment to Miſs Johnſon might induce him not to accept this propoſal; however, it is certain that he declined it, though without aſſigning any other engagement as the reaſon.

In this ſituation he wrote that beautiful Poem, called *Cademus and Vaneſſa*, the principal view of which ſeems to have been, at once to compliment and rally her; to apologize

apologize for his conduct, and ſoften a tacit denial by leaving the event undetermined. But the Poem was written with ſuch exquiſite taſte, and repreſented her qualities of mind and perſon in ſuch lively colours, that, inſtead of abating her paſſion, it only ſerved to add fuel to the flame.

A remarkable change now took place in his manner of writing to Miſs Johnſon, and in a ſhort time ſhe was wholly neglected and the journal was diſcontinued, while a conſtant intercourſe was kept up between the Doctor and Vaneſſa, an appellation he had given to Miſs Vanhomrig.

When Swift returned to Ireland, after the Queen's death, he found things in the higheſt ferment. The accounts of his reception there are very differently related. According to Dr. Delany, he met with the higheſt tokens of reſpect; but that muſt refer to the time of his going over to be inſtalled, and taking poſſeſſion of the Deanery; for Lord Orrery and Mr. Sheridan concur in affirming, that when he came there, after the death of the Queen, as a ſettled reſident, he met with every degree of contempt and abuſe. He was known to have been highly in confidence with the late miniſtry, who were charged by the whigs with an intention of bringing over the Pretender; and, as he was of courſe ſuppoſed to have been concerned with them in the plot, he was conſtantly inſulted with opprobrious language as he walked the ſtreets, and even pelted by the populace as he paſſed along, inſomuch that he was obliged, when he went abroad, to be attended by ſervants, armed, to protect his perſon from their outrage. Nor did he eſcape perſonal affronts from thoſe of a higher rank, who, as they were actuated by the virulence of party, took all opportunities of treating him with indignity.

Having now quitted the tumults of party and the intrigues of a court, he retired from the world, took upon him the diſcharge of the duties of his Deanery, and employed his vacant hours in writing two tracts, entitled *Memoirs relating to the Change which happened* in

in the Queen's Miniſtry in 1710; the other, *An Enquiry into the Conduct of the Queen's laſt Miniſtry*. He alſo finiſhed *A Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne's Reign*; but, though it was a work of great labour and attention, it did not anſwer the expectations which were formed of it by the public.

The removal from England to Ireland was the great event that determined the line of his life, bounded his views, and pointed out what he might poſſeſs, and for what he might hope. Great diſappointments, which deranged his general plan, and rendered it neceſſary for him to enter on the world, as it were, a ſecond time, brought to his mind the brevity of human life, and ſo ſtrongly impreſſed him with apprehenſions of death, that the thought recurred to his mind when he firſt awaked, for a ſucceſſion of many years.

As ſoon as he was ſettled at Dublin, Miſs Johnſon removed from the country to be near him, but they ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes; his reſidence was at the Deanery; but the lady had lodgings on the other ſide of the Liffey.

To amuſe himſelf in a country where he conſidered himſelf in a ſtate of exile, he kept a public table, two days a week, and though the circle of his viſitors at firſt were ſmall, they were highly reſpectable, and in proceſs of time increaſed to a conſiderable number. There was, among his companions, one who could derive no honour from his deſcent, a foundling, whom Swift therefore called Melchiſedec, alluding to Mechiſedec who it is ſaid, had neither father nor mother. This gentleman's name was Worral, he was a Clergyman, who belonged to the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and was held by the Dean in great eſteem. The entertainments or viſiting days were ſerved up with elegance and decorum, under the direction of Miſs Johnſon, who yet appeared in the circle without any character diſtinct from the reſt of the company. Though the Dean was in general penurious, he would maintain the dignity of his clerical character, and was ſerved on feſtive occaſions upon plate.

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He uſed to ſay that he was the pooreſt gentleman in Ireland, that eat upon plate, and the richeſt that went without a coach. In what manner he ſpent the reſt of his time, and employed his hours of ſtudy there are no documents to aſcertain; he rather appears to have reſigned himſelf to amuſements, to divert the melancholy reſulting from a ſituation remote from his friends, and thoſe adverſe events which fruſtrated his ſanguine hopes and expectations.

At length, in the year 1716, he married Miſs Johnſon, his favourite Stella, after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than ſixteen years. The ceremony was privately performed by Dr. Aſhe, Biſhop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity College, Dublin. But notwithſtanding the marriage, they lived ſeparately as before, nor did the lady ever reſide at the Deanery, but when the Dean was ſeized with the fits of giddineſs, to which he had been ſubject from early life. Lord Orrery ſays, "it would be difficult to prove that they were afterwards together without a third perſon."

Dean Swift lived in a ſtate of retirement till the year 1720, when he began to re-aſſume his character of a political writer, and publiſhed a pamphlet, entitled, *A Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh Manufactures*. This Pamphlet being agreeable to the ſentiments of the nation, had a very rapid ſale, but excited the indignation and reſentment of the Miniſtry, who cauſed the Printer to be brought to trial, after which the Jury brought him in, "Not guilty." The Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a *Special Verdict*. But the cauſe being ſo very unpopular, it was deferred from time to time, till the Viceroy, after mature advice and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *Noli proſequi*.

To this pamphlet, Swift owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. A propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures within the kingdom had captivated

tivated all hearts. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true intereſt of Ireland was no longer doubted. He was looked upon with pleaſure and reſpect, as he paſſed the ſtreets, and had attained to ſo high a degree of popularity that he was diſtinguiſhed by the title of, THE DEAN.

Swift did not appear again in a political character till the year 1724, when he produced a *Series of Letters* under the ſignature of *A Drapier*. Theſe letters were written in conſequence of a patent, iniquitouſly obtained by one Wood, to coin 180,000*l.* of copper, to paſs current throughout the kingdom of Ireland, from which he would have acquired an inordinate gain, and proportionally impoveriſhed the people. It was ſoon found that the metal was debaſed to an enormous degree, ſo that the deſign of the *Drapier* was to ſhew the folly of receiving, and the miſchief that muſt enſue from giving gold and ſilver for coin, perhaps not worth a third part of its nominal value. At the ſound of the *Drapier's* trumpet all ranks of people took the alarm. The Papiſt, the Fanatic, the Whig and the Tory, all enliſted in the common cauſe, and ſuch was the concurrence of the general voice, that Wood, though ſupported by the tools of the Miniſtry, was compelled to withdraw his patent, and the coin was totally ſuppreſſed. But the Miniſtry of Ireland, conſidering this reſiſtance to his Majeſty's patent as highly criminal, the Chief Juſtice who had tried the printer of a former Pamphlet written by Swift, now preſented the *Drapier*, but could not prevail with the Grand Jury to find the Bill.

The Dean, for this ſignal ſervice to the country, obtained the appellation of the *Drapier*, became the idol of the people, and was conſulted in all points relating to domeſtic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular. Indeed he gained ſuch power as, conſidered both in point of extent, and duration, ſcarcely any man ever enjoyed, without greater wealth or higher ſtation. The *Drapier* was a ſign; the *Drapier* was a toaſt, and which way ever the eye or the ear was turned, ſome tokens

tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the *Drapier*.

Mr. Sheridan mentions an anecdote relative to Wood's halfpence, which was communicated to him by a merchant of great opulence and reſpectability, who was a ſpectator of the following ſcene.

The day after the Proclamation was iſſued out againſt the *Drapier*, there was a full levee at the Caſtle. The Lord Lieutenant (Earl Carteret) was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and puſhing his way through the crowd, never ſtopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the higheſt indignation in his countenance, he addreſſed the Lord Lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, in the following words, "So my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yeſterday, in iſſuing a proclamation againſt a poor ſhop-keeper, whoſe only crime is an honeſt endeavour to ſave his country from ruin. You have given a noble ſpecimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I ſuppoſe you expect a ſtatue of copper will be erected to you for this ſervice done to Wood." The whole aſſembly were ſtruck mute with wonder at this unprecedented ſcene. The titled ſlaves and vaſſals of power felt and ſhrunk into their own littleneſs, in the preſence of this man of virtue. He ſtood ſuper-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver, amidſt a circle of Lilliputians. For ſome time a profound ſilence enſued; when Lord Carteret, who had liſtened with great compoſure to the whole ſpeech, made this apt reply, in a line from Virgil:

"*Res duræ, et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.*"

"Hard fortune, and the newneſs of my reign, compel me to ſuch meaſures."

The whole aſſembly was ſtruck with the propriety of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour. Some applauding the magnanimity of Swift, and all delighted with the ingenuity of his Excellency's anſwer.

When the tumult occaſioned by the *Drapier's Letters*

ſubſided, Swift retired to a deſolate part of the country, where he paſſed ſome months in finiſhing and preparing his *Gulliver's Travels*. He was now ſo much at eaſe, that in the ſpring of 1726, he reviſited England, after an abſence of twelve years, and aſſiſted his friend Pope in the collection of three volumes of Miſcellanies, which met with a very favourable reception. It appears from a paſſage in one of his letters to Dr. Sheridan, that upon this viſit his friends expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes for his quitting Ireland, and ſettling among them in England; and ſeveral plans were propoſed to accompliſh the point. At length they procured him an eligible ſituation, within twelve miles of London, but he declined the offer, alledging that he was too old for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle him in his freedoms and liberalities. He had likewiſe an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke, to paſs the winter with him in France; but this he was prevented from accepting by receiving an account from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnſon was dangerouſly ill. He therefore haſtened over, conceiving that his preſence might happily tend to effect her reſtoration. It happened however, that Mrs. Johnſon at his arrival was in a fair way of recovery, which afforded him a pleaſing proſpect of the longer continuance of a life he held ſo dear.

In Auguſt 1727 Swift returned to England, and ſoon after appeared his *Gulliver's Travels*, a production ſo new and ſtrange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was read by all ranks of people, high and low, learned and illiterate, and the demand for it was immenſe. Johnſon ſays, "Criticiſm was for a while loſt in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in ſeeming defiance of truth and regularity." The Doctor adds, "that when diſtinctions came to be made, the part which gave leaſt pleaſure was that which deſcribes the *Flying Iſland*, and that which afforded moſt ground for cenſure, was the Hiſtory of the *Houynhnms*. The author incurred the charge of miſanthropy from the picture he has

has drawn of the *Yahoos*. But the ground of this cenſure is minutely examined, and the character of the author vindicated with great judgment and ingenuity, by Mr. Sheridan.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, and was once more preparing to ſet out for France, news arrived of the King's death. He had attended Queen Caroline, when ſhe was Princeſs of Wales, and been treated by her with ſome marks of diſtinction, ſo that the third day after the acceſſion of George II. he went to Court, and kiſſed their Majeſties hands upon that auſpicious event. He had alſo gained the confidence of Mrs. Howard, the Queen's favourite, and was noticed by Walpole, to whom it is intimated by Lord Cheſterfield, he offered the ſervice of his pen, and that ſervice was rejected; but the authenticity of this report is much ſuſpected. Mr. Sheridan indeed aſſerts the contrary. As a total change of meaſures, was now expected to take place, more flattering proſpects were opened to Swift than any he could have in view during the late reign; and as the tory-party, upon the breach between the late King and Prince, were well received at the court of the latter, it was expected they would no longer be proſcribed as formerly. In the midſt of the buſtle that took place on the change of miniſtry that was apprehended, Swift ſeems to have had by no means the ſame ſanguine expectations that many of his friends entertained; for he ſays, in a letter addreſſed to Dr. Sheridan, "Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, becauſe I like none of them."

Whatever may have been his expectations, he was ſoon obliged to alter his meaſures; for being attacked with his old diſorder, and at the ſame time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnſon had relapſed, with little hopes of recovery, he ſet out for that kingdom on the firſt abatement of his illneſs; having previous to his departure taken leave of the Queen, in

a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologizing for not doing it in perſon.

Swift returned to a home of ſorrow, he found poor Stella ſinking into the grave, and, after having languiſhed about two months, ſhe expired on the 28th of January, 1728, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean with ſuch exceſs of affection and eſteem, as the keeneſt ſenſibility only could feel, and the moſt excellent character excite.

He was deprived, as he himſelf expreſſes it, of the trueſt and moſt valuable friend that he, or perhaps any other perſon was ever bleſt with; ſhe had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his companion for five and thirty years, during which time ſhe had ſhewn him every poſſible attention.

From the time of the death of Stella, his life became much more retired, and the auſterity of his temper naturally increaſed. He could not join in the ſocial chearfulneſs of his public days, or bear ſuch an intruſion upon his melancholy, as the cheerfulneſs of others. Theſe entertainments therefore were diſcontinued, and he ſometimes avoided the company of his moſt intimate friends, yet in this forlorn ſituation, he continued his attention to the public, and wrote, from time to time, ſuch directions, admonitions, and cenſures, as the various exigencies of affairs in his opinion required.

To his writing he added an act of beneficence, that reflects much honour on his character. He ſet aſide ſome hundreds, to be lent in ſmall ſums of five and ten pounds to diſtreſſed and induſtrious mechanics, to be repaid weekly, at 2s. or 4s. without intereſt, and this was attended with great benefit to the lower claſs of people.

In 1733, when an attempt was made by the Diſſenters to repeal the Teſt-Act in Ireland, he wrote a Copy of Verſes, in which he ſo ſeverely lampooned one of their partizans, that he publicly profeſſed his reſolution of a violent and corporeal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's diſtrict embodied themſelves in the Dean's

Dean's defence, and warded off the intended ſtroke of his adverſary.

The fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, to which he had long been ſubject, became more frequent, as well as more violent, as he advanced in years; and in 1736 while he was writing a Satire on the Iriſh parliament, which he called "*The Legion Club*", he was ſeized with one of theſe fits, the effects of which were ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed, and never after attempted any work of thought or labour. He publiſhed however one book which had been the production of his juvenile days; it was called *Polite Converſation*, and appeared in 1738. His *Directions for Servants* did not appear till after his death. Theſe two productions evince an active mind, which, when not employed on important objects, can turn aſide to the moſt minute occurrences; indeed the Dean was a ſtrict obſerver, as well as rigid cenſor of men and manners.

From this time his memory gradually declined, and his paſſions perverted his underſtanding, raging without controul, and rendering him a torment to himſelf, and to all around him. He was precluded the entertainment which he might have derived from books, by a reſolution he had taken, never to wear ſpectacles, and to which he obſtinately adhered, and his giddineſs prevented the employment of his mind in compoſition. In this ſituation his thoughts ſeem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own miſery, which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeleſs.

In 1741, his underſtanding was ſo much impaired, and his paſſions ſo much increaſed, that he was incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians over his perſon and fortune: early in 1742, his reaſon was wholly ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. He would neither eat nor drink, while the ſervant who brought him his proviſions was in the room; his meat was ſent up ready cut, which he

would eat, walking, for he continued his old habit of being on his feet ten hours a day. After this frenzy had continued ſeveral months, he had an inflammation in his left eye, and the lid appeared ſo diſcoloured that a mortification was expected to enſue, beſides which, the pain attending the tumor was ſo acute, that he was with difficulty reſtrained by ſeveral perſons who attended him, from tearing out his eye.

When the tumor decreaſed and the pain ſubſided, he had ſome intervals of reaſon, and recognized thoſe who were about him, from which ſome hopes were entertained of his recovery: but this hope was but of ſhort duration, for a few days afterwards he ſunk into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, till death put a period to his exiſtence, on the 29th of October, 1745, in the 78th year of his age. By his will, which is dated May, 1740, juſt before his reaſon declined, he left about 1200*l.* in ſpecific legacies, and the reſidue of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000*l.* to erect and endow an Hoſpital in Dublin, for idiots, and lunatics. He was buried in the moſt private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aiſle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where, as a monument, a ſlab of black marble was placed againſt the wall, inſcribed with an epitaph, written by himſelf.

Lord Orrery, who was a great Philoſopher, comments with ſingular energy on the manner of Swift's Death, which was eaſy and without the leaſt pang or convulſion. He remarks, "that a man in full poſſeſſion of his reaſon would have wiſhed for ſuch a kind of diſſolution; but Swift was totally inſenſible of happineſs, or pain: he had not even the power or expreſſion of a child, appearing for ſome years before his death, reſerved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverſe that fine deſcription of human nature, which is given us by *Shakeſpeare* in an inimitable manner. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel; in apprehenſion, how like a god; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

Thus

Thus Poets paint; but how vain and periſhable is the picture; the ſmalleſt thunderbolt from heaven blaſts it in a moment; and every tint is ſo obliterated, that ſcarce the outline of the figure remains.

From our account, of the life of this extraordinary perſon, a general judgment may be formed of his character and writings; but as a farther illuſtration of them, we think it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following particulars.

Swift in his perſon, was robuſt and maſculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. There was a natural ſeverity in his aſpect, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, nor his utmoſt gaiety relax. His capacity and ſtrength of mind, were equal to any taſk whatever. His manner was without ceremony, but not ruſtic, for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes of politeneſs, which he practiſed in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and the reſpect that was due to him by theſe rules, he took care to exact without abatement. His pride, his ſpirit, or ambition, by whatever name it may be called, was boundleſs, inſomuch that he could not endure to be treated with any degree of familiarity, or that any man living, (three or four perſons in England only excepted,) ſhould rank himſelf in the number of his friends. Indeed it may juſtly be ſuppoſed, that there was in his converſation what appears ſo frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the Great, an ambition of momentary equality, ſought and enjoyed by the neglect of thoſe ceremonies which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed, as the barriers between one order of ſociety and another.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, and not without foundation, that "he predominated over his companions with a very high aſcendancy, and probably would bear none, over whom he could not predominate. On all common occaſions he affected a ſtyle of hauteur, and ſeemed to dictate rather than perſuade. This authoritative language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity; but he apparently flattered his own pride by

by an assumed predomination, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, but to the submissive sufficiently serious." In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured, if the licentiousness of his raillery, or the petulance of his frolicks was resented or repressed.

To his servants he appeared to be churlish and austere, though he was disposed to do them good on important occasions, and such was his regard to fidelity and diligence, that to perpetuate the memory of an old and faithful servant, whom he called SAUNDERS, he buried him in the south aisle of his Cathedral, and erected a small piece of statuary to his memory, in token of his discretion, fidelity and diligence in his humble station.

As a member of civil society he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the scourge of oppression. Lord Orrery speaks of Swift's political tenets in the following concise but expressive terms. "Swift's principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim. *Salus populi suprema est lex*. He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the revolution as a necessary but dangerous expedient, which has been since attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the monied interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance." His Lordship concludes his remarks with this inference. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican; He was DOCTOR SWIFT.

In his private capacity, though frugal, he was charitable, and if misanthropy is attributed to him from the severity of his writings, he does not appear to have had any in his actions. His abilities rendered him superior

perior to envy, and he was undiſguiſed and perfectly ſincere.

As an eccleſiaſtic he was ſcrupulouſly exact in the exerciſe of his functions. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy, and of his choir he was particularly careful, for though he neither loved nor underſtood muſic, he took care that all the ſingers were well qualified, admitting none without the teſtimony of ſkilful judges. He entered upon the clerical ſtate with hope to excel in preaching, but complained from the time of his political controverſies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This cenſure of himſelf, if judgment may be formed from his ſermons which have been publiſhed, was unreaſonably ſevere. His averſion to hypocriſy carried him to extremes, inſomuch that inſtead of wiſhing to ſeem better, he affected to appear worſe than what he was; and Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has condemned this part of his character; but it ſhould be remembered that his caſt of mind induced him to think and ſpeak more of politics than of religion.

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and aſſiduity, and would ſpend much time in correcting and improving any literary compoſition that had the leaſt appearance of ingenuity. Nor was this kindneſs confined to thoſe whoſe abilities could never come into competition with his own. He gave many hints to Gay, which he followed with great ſucceſs, and he recommended Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel and others, to thoſe whoſe favor was moſt likely to render them conſpicuous.

Lord Orrery, on the character of Dean Swift, makes the following ſignificant remarks.

"Few characters have afforded ſo great a variety of faults and beauties as that of Dean Swift; few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and cenſured than Dean Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great power, and from the imperfections of humanity he had many failings. I always, ſays his Lordſhip, conſidered

ſidered him as an "*abſtract and brief chronicle of the times*," no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the higheſt and in the loweſt ſcenes of life. His friends and correſpondents were the greateſt and moſt eminent men of the age; the ſages of antiquity were the companions of his cloſet: and although he induſtriouſly avoided an oſtentation of learning, and generally choſe to draw his materials from his own ſtore, yet his knowledge in the ancient authors, appears from the ſtrength of his ſentiments and the claſſic correctneſs of his ſtyle."

Dr. Delany obſerves, "That the character of his friend Swift's life will appear to be like that of his writings; they will both bear to be re-conſidered and re-examined with the utmoſt attention, and always diſcover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be conſidered as the ſun, in which the brightneſs will hide the blemiſhes, and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy, interpoſes to cloud or ſully his fame, I will take upon me (concludes the Doctor) to pronounce, that the eclipſe will not laſt long."

To form an eſtimate of the literary abilities of Dean Swift, it will be neceſſary to advert to the effects of his writings. As an advocate for the tories in the reign of Queen Anne, he turned the tide of popular prejudice againſt the whigs, and ſuch was the force of his ſtrictures in ſeveral of the pamphlets he publiſhed at that time; that he might be ſaid to have taken the lead in the politics of the day.

In the reign of George I. he exerted his talents in delivering his native country from the oppreſſion under which it groaned, and verified unequivocally what he ſaid of himſelf, that Ireland *was his debtor*. To him the Iriſh were bound for the extenſion of their commerce, and accumulation of wealth. He taught them to know their own importance, and ſtimulated them to make vigorous exertions in claiming thoſe rights which they at length eſtabliſhed.

Dr.

Dr. Johnſon, in ſpeaking of his proſaic writings ſays, that "they poſſeſs an equable tenour of eaſy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in ſimplicity. That he had in his works no metaphor, as ſome have ſaid, is not true; but his few metaphors ſeem to have been introduced rather by neceſſity than choice. He ſtudied purity; and though perhaps all his ſtrictures are not juſt, yet it is not often that ſoleciſms can be found, and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himſelf ſafe. His ſentences are never too much dilated nor contracted; and it will not be eaſy to find any embarraſſment in the complications of his clauſes, any inconſequences in his connections, or abruptneſs in his tranſitions. His ſtyle is well ſuited to his thoughts. He pays no court to the paſſions, he excites neither ſurpriſe nor admiration, he always underſtands himſelf, and his reader always underſtands him: the peruſer of Swift wants little previous knowledge, it will be ſufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. It was Swift's deſire to attain an eaſy conveyance of his meaning, and for having attained it, he deſerves much praiſe."

Dr. Johnſon from prejudices, peculiar to himſelf, denies that merit to the *Tale of a Tub*, which he liberally attributes to many of Swift's other proſaic productions: but Lord Orrery on the contrary ſays, "that though it was one of his earlieſt performances it has never been excelled in wit and ſpirit by his own or any other pen. The cenſures that are paſſed upon it, the noble Lord obſerves, are various. The moſt material are ſuch as reflect upon Dr. Swift, in the character of a Clergyman and a Chriſtian.

It has been one of the misfortunes attending Chriſtianity, that many of her ſons, from a miſtaken filial piety, have indulged themſelves in too reſtrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book, compoſed with all the force of wit and humour in deriſion of ſacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocriſy, and in contempt of phlegmatic ſtiffneſs, ſhould be

be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflection on the whole Christian Church? In the style of truth therefore (says (his Lordship) I must still look upon the *Tale of a Tub* as no intended insult against Christianity, but as a satire against the wild errors of the Church of Rome, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans and the fanaticism and wild zeal of the Calvinists. In the character of PETER we see the Pope seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of MARTIN we view LUTHER and the first reformers, and in the representation of JACK we see JOHN CALVIN and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against PETER and JACK. To MARTIN he shews all the indulgence the laws of allegory will permit."

"The actions of PETER are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light; and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome."

Lord Orrery goes on to observe, that, "in the character of JACK, a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the chearfulness of a smile. In their dictionary wit is only another name for wickedness, and the purer and more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the *abomination*. However wide therefore the difference of PETER and JACK might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections on his character, they had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him."

"The criticisms of the Martinists (whom we may suppose the members of the Church of England,) continues his Lordship, were, it is to be hoped, more candid, for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers."

The

"The Church of England, (his Lordſhip adds,) can ſcarce be angry at the favourable account Swift gives of *Luther*: eſpecially as we have ſince reformed from *Luther* himſelf, and ſo far as our judgments can teach us, have reſtored our habits ſtill nearer to the original faſhion which they bore at the perfection of the *Teſtament*. The beſt, and what is more extraordinary, the moſt ſerious apology that can be made for the author, is written by himſelf, and is dated June 3, 1709. In this apology, Dr. Swift candidly acknowledges, that "there are ſeveral youthful follies, which from the grave and the wiſe may deſerve a rebuke;" and further adds, that "He will forfeit his life, if any opinion can be deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality."

The Dedication to *Prince Poſterity* abounds with genuine ſatire, and the *Digreſſions* are written with great point and humour, conveying the keeneſt ſarcaſms on incompetent critics, and the whole fraternity of Grub-ſtreet ſcribblers. The Introduction partakes of the merit of the work itſelf; but Lord Orrery, to the honour of his candour and liberality, obſerves, "that the author never loſes the leaſt opportunity of venting his keeneſt ſatire againſt *Dryden*, and conſequently loads with inſult the greateſt, although the leaſt proſperous of our Engliſh Poets." "I am willing, (ſays the noble Earl,) to imagine that *Dryden* in ſome manner or other had offended my friend Swift, who otherwiſe I hope would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppreſſed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion." Dr. Johnſon ſays, that Swift had written ſome Pindaric Odes, which were not the moſt ſucceſsful of his compoſitions, and that Dryden, having peruſed ſome of the verſes, ſaid "Couſin Swift you will never be a poet," and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden. Though in the *Tale of a Tub* ſome perſonal animoſities, and ſome levities, rather inconſiſtent with the character of a Clergyman may appear; upon the whole it poſſeſſes an infinity of point and humour, adapted to expoſe pedantry

and affectation, and conſign unhallowed zeal and an anti chriſtian ſpirit to the contempt and deriſion they juſtly deſerve.

The Battle of the Books was written as a teſtimony of the author's regard for his great and learned Sir William Temple, who is the hero of the piece. There had been a controverſy between Sir William, and Mr. Wootton, an eminent literary character of that day, and as they both ſtood high in the republic of letters, the controverſy made much noiſe, and employed many perſons on both ſide the queſtion. The *Battle of the Books*, which abounds with humour, is drawn up in an heroic comic ſtyle. The heroes ancient and modern are marſhalled. The chief generals of the latter are Wootton and Bentley. Their figures are diſplayed in the moſt awkward attitudes. The former is deſcribed "full of ſpleen, dulneſs, and ill manners." The latter is repreſented tall, without ſhape or comelineſs, and large without ſtrength or proportion. The conteſt is maintained for ſome time with great ardour, till at length the moderns are compelled to yield to the ſuperior ſkill and proweſs of the ancients; and the author, after diſplaying much ſpirit, much wit, and making many pertinent alluſions to the controverſy ſubſiſting between the two literary combatants, gives the victory to his patron Sir William Temple.

Lord Orrery comments on this extraordinary production with equal candour and juſtice. He ſays that "the name of VIRGIL is introduced in it only for an opportunity of comparing his tranſlator, DRYDEN, to *the Lady in a lobſter: to a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate: and to a ſhrivelled beau, with the penthouſe of a full bottomed perriwig.* Theſe ſimilies carry the true ſtamp of ridicule, but rancour, (adds his Lordſhip,) muſt be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of DRYDEN; in many of whoſe dedications and prefaces are as fine compoſitions, and as juſt pieces of criticiſm as any in our language."

The Fragment, or a *Diſcourſe concerning the Mechanical*

cal Operations of the Spirit is pointed againſt the prevalence of fanaticiſm, and the wild ſallies of enthuſiaſtic and ill founded zeal, which propel fanatic devotees to expreſs their devotion by vociferous exclamations; ſolemn ſobbing, and naſal whining, accompanied with the moſt ridiculous diſtortion of features, and the moſt antic of geſtures. Thoſe who aſſume this guiſe to veil their vices, and practiſe fraud under a covert of ſanctity, are juſt objects of ſatire, inſomuch as they are more dangerous to ſociety than the openly reprobate, whoſe characters naturally induce ſuſpicion, while the others are ſuffered to prey upon mankind, upon the credit of an external profeſſion.

The laſt of the proſaic works of Swift, to which we ſhall advert is "The Travels of Lemuel Gulliver into ſeveral remote Nations of the World," on which Lord Orrery makes the following remarks and obſervations.

"Theſe voyages are intended as a moral political romance, in which Swift ſeems to have exerted the ſtrongeſt efforts of a fine irregular genius. To correct vice, by ſhewing its deformity in oppoſition to the beauty of virtue, and to amend the falſe ſyſtems of philoſophy by pointing out the errors, and applying ſalutary means to avoid them, is a noble deſign. This was the general intent, I would fain flatter myſelf, of my hieroglyphic friend. Gulliver's travels are chiefly to be looked upon as an irregular eſſay of Swift's peculiar wit and humour. The inhabitants of Lilliput are repreſented as if reflected from a convex mirror, by which every object is reduced to a deſpicable minuteneſs. The inhabitants of Brobdingnag, by a contrary mirror, are enlarged to an enormous magnitude. In Lilliput we behold a ſet of puny inſects, or animalcules in human ſhape, ridiculouſly engaged in affairs of importance. In Brobdingnag the monſters of ſtupendous ſize are employed in trifles.

"In his deſcription of Lilliput he ſeems to have had England more immediately in view. In his deſcription of Blefaſcu he ſeems to intend the kingdom and people

of France. In the ſixth chapter of his voyage to Brobdingnag he gives an account of the political ſtate of Europe, and his obſervations are delivered with his uſual ſpirit of humour and ſeverity. Several juſt ſtrokes of ſatire are ſcattered up and down upon errors in the conduct of our government. In ſome parts Gulliver ſeems to have had particular incidents, if not particular perſons in his view. His obſervations on education are uſeful, and ſo are his improvements on the inſtitutions of Lycurgus. And Gulliver's eſcape from Brobdingnag is humourous, ſatirical and pleaſing."

However wild the deſcription of the *Flying Iſland*, and the manners and various projects of the philoſophers of Lagado, in the third part, may appear, yet it is a real picture, embelliſhed with much latent wit and humour. It is a ſatire upon thoſe aſtronomers and mathematicians, who have ſo entirely dedicated their time to the planets that they have been careleſs of their family and country, and have been chiefly anxious about the economy and welfare of the upper worlds, to the total neglect of the lower, which is their immediate ſphere of action."

"The project of a more eaſy and expeditious method of writing a treatiſe on any ſcience, by a wooden engine, is entertainingly ſatirical. The ſixth chapter is full of ſeverity and ſatire. Sometimes it is exerted againſt the legiſlative power; ſometimes againſt particular politicians, and ſometimes againſt women."

"The deſcription of the *Struldbruggs*, in the tenth chapter, is an inſtructive piece of morality; for if we conſider it in a ſerious light, it tends to reconcile us to our final diſſolution. Death, when ſet in contraſt to the immortality of the *Struldbruggs*, is no longer the King of Terrors; he loſes his ſting: he appears to us a friend; and we chearfully obey his ſummons, becauſe it brings us certain relief to the greateſt miſeries." Upon a general view of this whimſical and moſt extraordinary production, it appears to add to other incon-

teſtible

teſtible proofs of the ſingularity and originality of the genius of the author.

Dr. Johnſon remarks, that "there is not much in the poetical works of Dr. Swift upon which the critic can exerciſe his powers. They are often humourous, almoſt always light, and have the qualities which recommend ſuch compoſitions, eaſineſs and gaiety. They are for the moſt part what the author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are ſmooth, and the ryhmes exact. There ſeldom occurs a hard laboured expreſſion or a redundant epithet. All his verſes exemplify his own definition of a good ſtyle, they conſiſt of *proper words in proper places.*"

Another critic in the writings of Swift obſerves "that his merits in the character of a Poet are conſiderable. His deſcriptions, wherein there conſtantly appears the diſtinguiſhing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely juſt and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painters' imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaſte and delicate, and in places when, rather by accident than choice, he riſes from earth and ſoars into the regions of poety, he is little inferior to the fineſt maſters among the Greeks and Romans. His ideas are lofty, and his verſification muſically ſonorous. There are but few of his Poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one day; how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking, before he tranſcribed them fair.

Lord Orrery confirms the foregoing remarks, in obſerving, that Swift had the niceſt ear, was remarkably chaſte and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital ſins in poetry; though it is a ſin into which ſome of our greateſt poets have fallen. Upon a general view of his poetry we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurpriſing and heteroclete genius, luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humourous in his deſcriptions, and poignant in his ſatires."

His companions and humble followers find themſelves immortaliſed

immortaliſed by the inſertion of their names in his addreſſes to Stella, or in other miſcellaneous pieces, written in an eaſy, though not in a careleſs manner. His more exalted friends, whoſe ſtations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different ſtyle; there will be found a real dignity, and moſt delicate kind of wit, in all his Poems to thoſe friends.

The two Poems, entitled, *The Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift*; and *Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift*, are Poems of great wit and humour. That on the Death of Dr. Swift is a moſt poignant piece of ſarcaſm; not any of the Dean's Poems have more wit, nor any of them more ſeverity; in it he has ſummoned together his whole powers of ſatire and poetry; and combined together they have an admirable effect.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of Dr. Swift, was a bright and clear genius, ſo extremely piercing that the moſt ſtriking circumſtance, ariſing from any ſubject, quickly occurred to his imagination, and theſe he frequently accumulated in ſuch a manner that he deſerves, in this particular, to be univerſally admired; and his choice of circumſtances, if any ſtreſs can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taſte and judgment, renders a compoſition truly noble and ſublime. The moſt remarkable pieces of this kind are—*The Furniture of a Woman's Mind*—*Betty the Griſette*—*The Journal of a Modern Lady*—His Poem on *Reading Dr. Young's Satire*—*Mordanie*—*The Deſcription of a City Shower*—*The Deſcription of Quilca*—and, *The Deſcription of the Morning*.

This power of the mind gave him alſo that deſperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all ſorts of characters, which is abundantly exemplified in, *The Second Part of Traulus*—*The Progreſs of Love*—*The Character of Corinna*—and *the beautiful young Nymph juſt going to Bed*—From the ſame inexhauſtible fund of wit he acquired the hiſtoric arts, both of deſigning and colouring, either in groups or in ſingle portraits. How exact, how lively and ſpirited is that group of figures in *The Journal*

Journal of a Modern Lady; and, for a ſingle portrait if we conſider the deſign, the attitude, the drapery or the colouring, what is there that can excel the repreſentation of Caſſimis, in the *Tragical Elogy*.

Throughout all Swifts' poetical writings, although many of them are dedicated immediately to the fair ſex, there can hardly be found a diſtich addreſſed in the character of a lover to any one perſon. Thoſe verſes upon women which are deemed the moſt ſatirical were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taſte, and to make them as agreeable companions at the age of threeſcore as at five and twenty: and it has been remarked, that the moſt exceptionable of his Poems in that line have produced ſome very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was no doubt the ultimate deſign of his writing, *The Lady's Dreſſing room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be ſomewhat liable to cenſure on account of their ſeverity.

Among the admirers of Swift many have compared him to Horace, and particularly Lord Orrery, who ſays that, had Swift lived in the ſame age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet; and if we may make an allowance for the different courſe of ſtudy, and different form of government to which each of theſe great men were ſubject, we may obſerve, in the ſeveral inſtances, a ſtrong reſemblance between them. Both Poets are equally diſtinguiſhed for wit and humour; each diſplays a peculiar felicity in diction; and each was the delight and admiration of the principal perſons of his age. To have lived with the great was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal. Horace had his Lydia; Swift had his Vaneſſa: Horace had his patrons, Mæcenas and Agrippa; Swift had his patrons, Oxford and Bolingbroke: Horace had his literary friend, Virgil; Swift had his literary friend, Pope.

Upon the whole, it appears ſurpriſing, that Swift ſhould

ſhould produce, by the mere force of taſte and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, ſuch wonders in the poetic ſtrain, as to make ſome of his moſt partial admirers not only prefer him to moſt of the poets of theſe latter centuries, but compare him to Horace, that immortal genius of the Auguſtan age.

END OF THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

AUTHOR.

IF good and ill-nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the trouble of this apology: for it is manifeſt, by the reception the following diſcourſe hath met with, that thoſe who approve it are a great majority among the men of taſte. Yet there have been two or three Treatiſes written expreſsly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one ſyllable having been ever publiſhed in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; except by the polite author of a late Diſcourſe between a Deiſt and a Socinian.

Therefore, ſince the book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our language and our taſte, admits no great alterations, I am content to convey ſome apology along with it.

The greateſt part of that book was finiſhed above thirteen years ſince, 1696; which is eight

years before it was publiſhed. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading freſh in his head. By the aſſiſtance of ſome thinking, and much converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of as many real prejudices as he could: I ſay, real ones; becauſe, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous height ſome men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and groſs corruptions in religion and learning might furniſh matter for a ſatire, that would be uſeful and diverting. He reſolved to proceed in a manner that ſhould be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs repetitions upon every ſubject. The abuſes in religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the diſcourſe. Thoſe in learning he choſe to introduce by way of digreſſions. He was then a young gentleman, much in the world; and wrote to the taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf: therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not ſuit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have eaſily corrected with a very few blots, had he been maſter of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the four, the envious,

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the ſtupid, and the taſteleſs; which he mentions with diſdain. He acknowledges there are ſeveral youthful ſallies, which, from the grave and the wiſe, may deſerve a rebuke. But he deſires to be anſwerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of thoſe who have neither candor to ſuppoſe good meanings, nor palate to diſtinguiſh true ones. After which he will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why ſhould any clergyman of our church be angry to ſee the follies of fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition expoſed, though in the moſt ridiculous manner, ſince that is the moſt probable way to cure them, or at leaſt to hinder them from farther ſpreading? Beſides, though it was not intended for their peruſal, it rallies nothing but what they preach againſt. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the leaſt ſcurrility upon their perſons or their functions. It celebrates the Church of England as the moſt perfect of all others in diſcipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the Clergy's reſentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi deſuit hoſtis*; I mean

I mean thoſe heavy, illiterate ſcribblers, proſtitute in their reputation, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the ſhame of good ſenſe as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the ſtrength of bold, falſe, impious aſſertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the prieſthood, and openly intended againſt all religion; in ſhort, full of ſuch principles as are kindly received, becauſe they are levelled to remove thoſe terrors that religion tells men will be the conſequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this diſcourſe, though ſome are pleaſed ſo freely to cenſure it. And I wiſh there were no other inſtances of what I have too frequently obſerved, that many of the Reverend body are not always very nice in diſtinguiſhing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from ſome, whom, out of reſpect, he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by ſome of thoſe authors above deſcribed; whoſe errors, ignorance, dulneſs, and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and expoſed, in ſuch a manner, that the perſons who are moſt conceived to be infected by them, would ſoon lay them aſide, and be aſhamed. But he has now given over thoſe thoughts;

thoughts; ſince the *weightieſt* men * in the *weightieſt* ſtations are pleaſed to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at thoſe corruptions in religion which they themſelves muſt diſapprove, than to endeavour pulling up thoſe very foundations wherein all Chriſtians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any perſon ſhould offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this diſcourſe, who hath all along concealed himſelf from moſt of his neareſt friends: yet ſeveral have gone a farther ſtep, and pronounced another book † to have been the work of the ſame hand with this; which the author affirms to be a thorough miſtake, he having yet never ſo much as read that diſcourſe: A plain inſtance how little truth there is in general ſurmiſes, or in conjectures drawn from ſimilitude of ſtyle, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expoſe the abuſes in law or in phyſic, he believes the learned profeſſors in either faculty would have been ſo far from reſenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains; eſpecially if he had made an honourable reſervation for the true practice of either ſcience. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp, the Archbiſhop of York's repreſentation of the Author.

† Letter of Enthuſiam, ſuppoſed to have been written by Colonel Hunter.—See Swift's Letter to him.

ridiculed,

ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet, ſurely, the corruptions may; for we are taught, by the triteſt maxim in the world, that religion, being the beſt of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worſt.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe paſſages in this diſcourſe, which appear moſt liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author perſonates the ſtyle and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one inſtance; it is in the 60th page. Dryden, L'Eſtrange, and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here levelled at; who, having ſpent their lives in faction, and apoſtaſies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be ſufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and ſufferings; thanks God, that he "poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience." In other places he talks at the ſame rate; and L'Eſtrange often uſes the like ſtyle: and I believe the reader may find more perſons to give that paſſage an application. But this is enough to direct thoſe who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other paſſages which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn, by great force, to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at ſome tenets in religion. In anſwer to all

all which, the author ſolemnly proteſts, he is entirely innocent, and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his ſcheme or deſign; the abuſes he notes being ſuch as all Church of England-men agree in: nor was it proper for his ſubject to meddle with other points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the Reformation.

To inſtance only in that paſſage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuſcript there was a deſcription of a fourth, which thoſe, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having ſomething in it of ſatire, that, I ſuppoſe, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three; from whence ſome have endeavoured to ſqueeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half ſpoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabaliſtic, and therefore better expoſing the pretended virtue of numbers; a ſuperſtition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be obſerved is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole

whole book; which the men of taſte will obſerve, and diſtinguiſh, and which will render ſome objections, that have been made, very weak and inſignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the ſatisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unneceſſary to take any notice of ſuch treatiſes as have been written againſt this enſuing diſcourſe; which are already ſunk into waſte paper and oblivion, after the uſual fate of common anſwerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals that grow about a young tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a ſummer; but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard wrote his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of thoſe anſwers immediately ſtarted up, whoſe memory, if he had not kept alive, by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever anſwered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a fooliſh piece. So we ſtill read Marvel's Anſwer to Parker * with pleaſure, tho'

* Parker, afterwards Biſhop of Oxford, wrote many Treatiſes againſt the Diſſenters, with inſolence and contempt, ſays Burnet, that enraged them beyond meaſure, for which he was chaſtiſed by Andrew Marvel, under Secretary to Milton, in a little book, called the Rehearſal Tranſpoſed.

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the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago; ſo the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Diſſertation he expoſes will neither be ſought nor found*. But theſe are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of loſing their time in ſuch an undertaking, if they did but conſider that to anſwer a book effectually, requires more pains or ſkill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing it; and the author aſſures thoſe Gentlemen who have given themſelves that trouble with him, that his diſcourſe is the product of the ſtudy, the obſervation, and the invention of ſeveral years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his poſſeſſion, they muſt have ſtill undergone more ſevere corrections. And do they think ſuch a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouth may be that diſcharge them? He hath ſeen the productions but of two anſwerers, one of which firſt appeared as from an unknown hand, but ſince avowed by a perſon, † who, upon ſome occaſions,

* Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Phalaris.

† Suppoſed to be Doctor William King, the Civilian, autho of an Account of Denmark, a Diſſertation on Samplers, and other pieces of burleſque on the Royal Society,

hath diſcovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occaſions ſhould put him under a neceſſity of being ſo haſty in his productions, which otherwiſe might often be entertaining. But there were other reaſons, obvious enough, for his miſcarriage in this; he wrote againſt the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongeſt attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had coſt ſo much time, and met with ſo much ſucceſs in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his ſubject I have now forgot: having juſt looked it over when it firſt came out, as others did, merely for the ſake of the title*.

The other anſwer is from a perſon of a graver character, and is made up of half invective and half annotation, † in the latter of which he hath generally ſucceeded well enough. And the pro-

and the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, &c.

* This we cannot recover at preſent, it being ſo abſolutely forgotten; the oldeſt Bookſellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the Annotations are ſelected the Notes, ſigned W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears buſied to illuſtrate a work which he laboured to condemn, and gave force to a ſatyr pointed againſt himſelf, as captives were bound to the chariot wheel of the victor, and compelled to increaſe the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

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ject at that time was not amiſs, to draw in readers to his pamphlet: ſeveral having appeared deſirous that there might be ſome explication of the more difficult paſſages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; becauſe it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him ſufficient provocation. The great objection is againſt his manner of treating it, very unjuſtifiable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this anſwerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen againſt a certain great man then alive, and univerſally reverenced for every good quality that could poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt accompliſhed perſon. It was obſerved how he was pleaſed and affected to have that noble writer called his adverſary; and it was a point of ſatire well directed; for I have been told, Sir W. T. was ſufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeneſs were immediately up in arms, through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt; by the conſequences they apprehended from ſuch an example; and it grew to be Porſenna's caſe; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In ſhort, things were ripe for a general inſurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the ſpirit, and ſettled the ferment. But his Lordſhip being principally engaged with another anta-

goniſt*, it was thought neceſſary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this oppoſer ſhould receive a reprimand, which partly occaſioned that Diſcourſe of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to inſert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This anſwerer has been pleaſed to find fault with about a dozen paſſages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by aſſuring the reader, that for the greater part the reflecter is entirely miſtaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will, he is ſure, into that of any reader of taſte and candour. He allows two or three at moſt, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he deſires to plead the excuſe offered already, of his youth and frankneſs of ſpeech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were publiſhed.

But this anſwerer inſiſts, and ſays, what he chiefly diſlikes, is the deſign. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a perſon in England who can underſtand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing elſe, but to expoſe the abuſes and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what deſign this reflecter was ſerving, when he concludes his

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æſop.

pamphlet

pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this muſt have had ſome allay of perſonal animoſity, at leaſt, mixed with the deſign of ſerving the public by ſo uſeful a diſcovery; and it indeed touches the author in a very tender point, who inſiſts upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one ſingle hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticiſms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never diſputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this anſwerer produces three inſtances, to prove this author's wit is not his own, in many places. The firſt is, That the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham. Whatever wit is contained in theſe three names, the author is content to give it up, and deſires his readers will ſubtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the ſame time proteſting ſolemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this paſſage of the anſwerer: ſo that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they ſhould happen to be the ſame; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack not being quite ſo obvious as the other two. The ſecond inſtance to ſhew the author's wit is not his own is, Peter's banter, (as he calls it, in his Al-

ſatia phraſe) upon tranſubſtantiation, which is taken from the ſame Duke's conference with an Iriſh prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. This the author confeſſes to have ſeen, about ten years after this book was written, and a year or two after it was publiſhed. Nay, the anſwerer overthrows this himſelf: for he allows the tale was written in 1697; and I think the pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was neceſſary that corruption ſhould have ſome allegory, as well as the reſt; and the author invented the propereſt he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commoneſt reader will find there is not the leaſt reſemblance between the two ſtories.

The third inſtance is in theſe words:—"I have been aſſured, that the battle in St. James's library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, intitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I miſremember not." In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable;—"I have been aſſured," and, "if I miſremember not."—I deſire firſt to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſhood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a Plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and

not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the anſwerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random—that, if there be a word of truth in this reflexion, he is a paultry, imitating pedant, and the anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch Treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake in the titie; but let the anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe.

So that if ever any deſign was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved, that the author's wit is not his own, is able to produce but three inſtances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifeſtly

manifeſtly falſe. If this be the way theſe gentlemen deal with the world, in thoſe criticiſms, where we have not leiſure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let thoſe, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his buſineſs as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub; wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of ſome ſervice to the public, and has given very fair conjectures towards clearing up ſome difficult paſſages. But it is the frequent error of thoſe men, (otherwiſe very commendable for their labours), to make excurſions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby*, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been ſerviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abſtruſer parts of that diſcourſe. But *optat ephippia bos piger*; the dull, unwieldy, ill-ſhaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horſe; not conſidering he was

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon claſſic authors for the uſe of School-boys.

born

born to labour, to plow the ground for the ſake of ſuperior beings; and that he has neither the ſhape, mettle, nor ſpeed of that noble animal he would affect to perſonate.

It is another pattern of this anſwerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the ſuſpicion upon ſomebody, I know not who, in the country. To which can be only returned, that he is abſolutely miſtaken in all his conjectures; and ſurely conjectures are at beſt too light a pretence to allow a man to aſſign a name in public. He condemns a book, and conſequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the ſame time fixes in print, what he thinks a diſadvantageous character upon thoſe who never deſerve it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the firſt he meets, and lay the laſt night's injury at his door. And thus much for this diſcreet, candid, pious, and ingenious anſwerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a ſtory not proper to be told, and of very little uſe, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over, with many alterations; and this the publiſhers were well aware

aware of, having put it into the bookſeller's preface, that they apprehended a ſurreptitious copy which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth; only the ſurreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haſte they could, which indeed was needleſs; the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookſeller was in much pain, having given a good ſum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not ſo many charms as appear in the book; and why ſome of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been truſted to him, he ſhould have made ſeveral corrections of paſſages againſt which nothing hath been ever objected. He ſhould likewiſe have altered a few of thoſe that ſeem with any reaſon to be excepted againſt; but, to deal freely, the greateſt number he ſhould have left untouched, as never ſuſpecting it poſſible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author obſerves, at the end of the book, there is a diſcourſe called, A Fragment; which he more wondered to ſee in print than all the reſt; having been a moſt imperfect ſketch, with the addition of a few looſe hints, which he once lent a Gentleman who had deſigned a diſcourſe of ſomewhat the ſame ſubject: he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a ſufficient ſurpriſe to ſee it

pieced

pieced up together, wholly out of the method and ſcheme he had intended; for it was the groundwork of a much larger diſcourſe, and he was ſorry to obſerve the materials ſo fooliſhly employed.

There is one farther objection made by thoſe who have anſwered this book, as well as by ſome others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curſes. Every reader obſerves it was neceſſary to know that Peter did ſwear and curſe. The oaths are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodeſt ſpeech. A man may laugh at the Popiſh folly of curſing people to hell, and imagine them ſwearing without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of theſe the author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious reader will find, that the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſatire in his book are levelled againſt the modern cuſtom of employing wit upon thoſe topics; of which there are many remarkable inſtances in different parts of this work, and perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a manner, excuſable only for the reaſons already alledged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookſeller, for the author's altering thoſe paſſages which he thought might require it. But it ſeems the bookſeller will not hear

of

of any ſuch thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the ſale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology, without making this one reflexion, That, as wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful gift of human nature, ſo humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the compoſition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of thoſe who have no ſhare or taſte of either, but by their pride, pedantry and ill manners, lay themſelves bare to the laſhes of both, think the blow is weak, becauſe they are inſenſible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the bullies in White-Fryars, then fell among the footmen, and at laſt retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I ſhould apply it to Sir Iſaac Newton's mathematics. But if this bantering, as they call it, be ſo deſpicable a thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual itch towards it themſelves? To inſtance only in the anſwerer already mentioned; it is grievous to ſee him in ſome of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggiſh, to tell us of "a cow that pricked up her tail;" and in his anſwer to this diſcourſe, he ſays, "it is all a farce and a ladle;" with other paſſages equally ſhining. One

may

may ſay of theſe *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a ſhame; and they cannot take wiſer counſel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.

To conclude with thoſe allowances above required this book ſhould be read; after which the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taſte; and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his accounts, when he ſays they have been all of his ſide, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wiſe conjectures, is yet very much in the dark: which circumſtance is no diſagreeable amuſement, either to the public or himſelf.

The author is informed, that the bookſeller has prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen, to write ſome explanatory notes*, for the goodneſs of which he is not to anſwer; having never ſeen any of them, nor intends it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleaſure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

* *N. B.* The notes incloſed thus [ ], were in the editions printed before the publication of this apology.

POSTCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago; a proſtitute bookſeller hath publiſhed a fooliſh paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a Tub*, with ſome account of the author; and with an inſolence, which, I ſuppoſe is puniſhable by law, hath preſumed to aſſign certain names. It will be enough for the author to aſſure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther aſſerts, that the whole work is intirely of one hand; which every reader of judgment will eaſily diſcover. The Gentleman who gave the copy to the bookſeller, being a friend of the author, and uſing no liberties beſides that of expunging certain paſſages, where now the chaſms appear under the name of *Deſiderata*. But if any perſon will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him ſtep forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookſeller ſhall have orders to prefix them to the next Edition, and the claimant ſhall from henceforward be acknowledged the undiſputed author.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS.

MY LORD,

THOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addreſſed to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a perſon, beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent writers; and being wholly free from that ſlavery which bookſellers uſually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wiſe piece of preſumption, to inſcribe theſe papers to your Lordſhip, and to implore your Lordſhip's protection of them. God, and your Lordſhip, know their faults and their merits: for as to my own particular, I am altogether a ſtranger to the matter; and though every body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the ſale of the book at all the worſe upon that ſcore. Your Lordſhip's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition. Neither would I deſire any other help to grow an Alderman, than a patent for the ſole privilege of dedicating to your Lordſhip.

I ſhould now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordſhip a liſt of your own virtues, and at the ſame time be very unwilling to offend your modeſty; but chiefly I ſhould celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and ſmall fortunes, and give you broad hints that

I mean myſelf. And I was juſt going on in the uſual method, to peruſe a hundred or two of dedications, and tranſcribe an abſtract, to be applied to your Lordſhip; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of theſe papers, I caſually obſerved written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for ought I knew, might contain ſome important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ underſtood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to tranſlate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the curate of our pariſh, who Engliſhed it thus, "Let it be given to the worthieſt." And his comment was that the author meant his work ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wiſdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my ſhop) in an alley hard by, ſhewed him the tranſlation, and deſired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the deſcription, he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and at the ſame time he very kindly offered his own aſſiſtance gratis, towards penning a dedication to himſelf. I deſired him, however, to give a ſecond gueſs. Why then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to ſeveral other wits of my acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and wearineſs to my perſon, from a prodigious number of dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all in the ſame ſtory, both of your Lordſhip and themſelves. Now, your Lordſhip is to underſtand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for, I have ſomewhere heard, it

is

is a maxim, That thoſe, to whom every body allows the ſecond place, have an undoubted title to the firſt.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordſhip was the perſon intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the ſtile and form of dedications, I employed thoſe wits aforeſaid, to furniſh me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordſhip's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten ſheets of paper, filled up on every ſide. They ſwore to me, that they had ranſacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Ariſtides Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reaſon to believe, they impoſed upon my ignorance; becauſe when I came to read over their collections, there was not a ſyllable there but what I and every body elſe knew as well as themſelves. Therefore I grievouſly ſuſpect a cheat; and that theſe authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every word from the univerſal report of mankind. So that I look upon myſelf as fifty ſhillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpoſe.

If by altering the title, I could make the ſame materials ſerve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loſs; but I have made ſeveral perſons dip here and there in thoſe papers; and before they read three lines, they have all aſſured me plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any perſon beſides your Lordſhip

I expected indeed to have heard of your Lordſhip's bravery, at the head of an army: of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or ſcaling a wall; or

to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal deſcent from the houſe of Auſtria; or of your wonderful talent at dreſs and dancing; or your profound knowledge in Algebra, Metaphyſics, and the Oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten ſtory of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wiſdom, and juſtice, and politeneſs, and candour, and evenneſs of temper in all the ſcenes of life; of that great diſcernment in dicovering, and readineſs in favouring deſerving men; with forty other common topics; I confeſs I have neither conſcience nor countenance to do it: becauſe there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which ſome circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the ſtage of the world; and thoſe few which, for want of occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your friends, your * enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright example of your Lordſhip's virtues ſhould be loſt to after ages, both for their ſake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the hiſtory of a late † reign: and that is another reaſon why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; becauſe I have been told by wiſe men, that as dedications have run for

* In 1701 Lord Somers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reaſons, delayed coming to a trial, and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. William whoſe memory he defended in the Houſe of Lords againſt ſome invidious reflections of the E. of Nottingham.

ſome

ſome years paſt, a good hiſtorian will not be apt to have recourſe thither, in ſearch of characters.

There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far upon the praiſe of our patron's liberality, to ſpend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordſhip's, than by giving you ſo ample an occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though, perhaps, I ſhall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordſhip upon that ſcore, who having been formerly uſed to tedious harangues,* and ſometimes to as little purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all reſpect and veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt faithful ſervant,

The Bookſeller.

* Sir John Somers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals, in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Eveſham, in April 1697.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now * *ſix years ſince theſe papers came firſt to my hand, which ſeems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written. For the author tells us, in his Preface to the firſt Treatiſe, that he hath calculated it for the year* 1697; *and in ſeveral paſſages of that diſcourſe, as well as the ſecond, it appears they were written about that time.*

As to the author, I can give no manner of ſatisfaction. However, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is loſt, having lent it to a perſon ſince dead, and being never in poſſeſſion of it after. So that whether the work received his laſt hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a ſecret.

If I ſhould go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became maſter of theſe papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, paſs for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly ſpare both him and myſelf ſo unneceſſary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult queſtion, Why I publiſhed them no ſooner? I forbore upon two accounts: Firſt, becauſe I thought I had better work upon my hands; and, ſecondly, becauſe I was not without ſome hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a ſurreptitious copy†, *which a certain great wit had*

* The Tale of a Tub was firſt publiſhed in 1704.

† See the Apology.

now

now poliſhed and refined; *or, as our preſent writers expreſs themſelves*, fitted to the humour of the age; *as they have already done, with great felicity, to* Don Quixotte, Boccalini, La Bruyere, *and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will pleaſe to furniſh me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I ſhall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itſelf.*

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I Here preſent your Highneſs with the fruits of a very few leiſure-hours, ſtolen from the ſhort intervals of a world of buſineſs, and of an employment quite alien from ſuch amuſements as this; the poor production of that refuſe of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which and other reaſons, it cannot chuſe extremely to deſerve ſuch a patronage as that of your Highneſs, whoſe numberleſs virtues, in ſo few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all Princes. For although your Highneſs is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the univerſal learned world already reſolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the loweſt and

The citation out of Irenæus in the title-page, which ſeems to be all gibberiſh, is a form of initiation uſed anciently by the Marcoſian heretics. W. Wotton.

It is the uſual ſtyle of decried writers, to appeal to Poſterity, who is here repreſented as a Prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins, in a way very frequent with him, by perſonating other writers, who ſometimes offer ſuch reaſons and excuſes for publiſhing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be aſhamed of.

moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion; fate having decreed you ſole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and moſt accompliſhed age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any judge of a genius leſs unlimited than your's. But, in order to prevent ſuch glorious trials, the perſon, it ſeems, to whoſe care the education of your Highneſs is committed, has reſolved, as I am told, to keep you in almoſt an univerſal ignorance of our ſtudies, which it is your inherent birthright to inſpect.

It is amazing to me, that this perſon ſhould have aſſurance, in the face of the ſun, to go about perſuading your Highneſs, that our age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any ſubject. I know very well, that when your Highneſs ſhall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this inſolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, deſigns to reduce them to a number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my ſpleen for the honour and intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing body, as well as of myſelf, for whom I know, by long experience, he has profeſſed and ſtill continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your Highneſs will one day peruſe what I am now writing, you may be ready to expoſtulate with your Governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to ſhew you ſome of our productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his deſigns,) by aſking your Highneſs, Where they are? and What is become of them?

and

and pretend it a demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has miſlaid them? Are they ſunk in the abyſs of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to depreſs them to the centre. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? Who adminiſtered them to the poſteriors of——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your Highneſs, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin, I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible ſcythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him; be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his nails and teeth; conſider his baneful abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance. Oh that you Highneſs would one day reſolve to diſarm this uſurping *Maitre du palais** of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de* page †.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral methods of ty-

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of Kings, which they call *les roys faineaus* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments while the kingdom was adminiſtered by the *Mayor de palais*, till *Charles Martel* the laſt Mayor put his maſter to death, and took his kingdom into his own hand.

† Out of guardianſhip.

ranny and deſtruction which your governor is pleaſed to practiſe upon this occaſion. His inveterate malice is ſuch to the writings of our age, that of ſeveral thouſands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the ſun, there is not one to be heard of. Unhappy infants! many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learned their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he ſtifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: ſome he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the reſt, tainted by his breath, die of a languiſhing conſumption.

But the concern I have moſt at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highneſs, to be ſubſcribed with the names of one hundred thirty ſix of the firſt rate; but whoſe immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earneſt appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to ſhew for a ſupport to his pretenſions. The never-dying works of theſe illuſtrious perſons, your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your Highneſs is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one ſingle poet.

We confeſs immortality to be a great and powerful goddeſs: but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our ſacrifices, if your Highneſs's governor, who has uſurped the prieſthood, muſt, by an unparallelled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers of any kind, ſeems to be an aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſome time thinking the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable demonſtration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vaſt, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the ſcene, that they eſcape our memory, and delude our ſight. When I firſt thought of this addreſs, I had prepared a copious liſt of titles to preſent your Highneſs, as an undiſputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were poſted freſh upon all gates and corners of ſtreets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and bookſellers: but I enquired in vain; the memorial of them was loſt among men, their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to ſcorn for a clown and a pedant, devoid of all taſte and refinement, little verſed in the courſe of preſent affairs; and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highneſs, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a taſk too ſlippery for my ſlender abilities. If I ſhould venture in a windy day to affirm to your Highneſs that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an aſs, a third to the weſtward with claws like a dragon; and your Highneſs ſhould in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain they would be all changed in figure and poſition; new ones would ariſe; and all we could agree upon, would be,

that clouds there were, but that I was groſsly miſtaken in the zography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may ſtill inſiſt, and put the queſtion, What is then become of thoſe immenſe bales of paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch numbers of books? Can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden, as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an objection? It ill befits the diſtance between your Highneſs and me, to ſend you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-houſe, or to a ſordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to your Highneſs, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to ſay is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for your peruſal, I can by no means warrant. However, I beg you to accept it as a ſpecimen of our learning, our politeneſs, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent ſearch were made, for ought I know, is yet to be ſeen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has cauſed many reams of verſe to be publiſhed, whereof both himſelf and his bookſeller, if lawfully required, can ſtill produce authentic copies; and therefore wonders why the world is pleaſed to make ſuch a ſecret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vaſt comprehenſion,

an

an univerſal genius, and moſt profound learning. There are alſo one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, moſt profound critics. There is a perſon ſtiled Dr. B—nt—y, who has written near a thouſand pages of immenſe erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain ſquabble of wonderful importance between himſelf and a bookſeller*. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more ſprightly turns. Father, I avow to your Highneſs, that with theſe eyes, I have beheld the perſon of William W—tt—n, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable volume againſt a friend of your governor † (from whom, alas! he muſt therefore look for little favour) in a moſt gentlemanly ſtyle, adorned with the utmoſt politeneſs and civility; replete with diſcoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and uſe; and embelliſhed with traits of wit ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy yokemate, to his forementioned friend.

Why ſhould I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume, with the juſt eulogies of my cotemporary brethren? I ſhall bequeath this piece of juſtice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the preſent ſet of wits in our nation. Their perſons I ſhall deſcribe particularly, and at length; their genius and underſtandings, in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to preſent your Highneſs with a faithful abſtract drawn from the

* Bentley in his controverſy with Lord Orrery upon the generouſneſs of Phalaris's epiſtles has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookſeller about the loan and reſtitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple.

univerſal body of all arts and ſciences, intended wholly for your ſervice and inſtruction. Nor do I doubt in the leaſt, but your Highneſs will peruſe it as carefully, and make as conſiderable improvements, as other young Princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their ſtudies*.

That your Highneſs may advance in wiſdom and virtue, as well as years, and at laſt outſhine all your Royal anceſtors, ſhall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

December, 1697.

Your Highneſs's

Moſt devoted, &c.

* There are innumerable books printed for the uſe of the Dauphin of France.

THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the preſent age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems, the Grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehenſions, leſt theſe Gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick holes in the weak ſides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects, for taking off the force and edge of thoſe formidable enquirers, from canvaſſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome time, as well as coſt, to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increaſing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reaſon to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offenſive weapons, ready for immediate execution: it was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent expedient be thought on, till the main deſign can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand Committee, ſome days ago, this important diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined obſerver; that ſeamen have a cuſtom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub, by way of amuſement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ſhip. This parable was

immediately

immediately mythologized. The whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan; which toſſes and plays with all other ſchemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the Leviathan from whence the terrible wits of our age are ſaid to borrow their weapons. The ſhip in danger, is eaſily underſtood to be its old antitype the commonwealth. But how to analyſe the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preſerved: and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent theſe Leviathans from toſſing and ſporting with the commonwealth, (which of itſelf is too apt to fluctuate,) they ſhould be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the ſole deſign in publiſhing the following treatiſe; which I hope will ſerve for an interim of ſome months to employ thoſe unquiet ſpirits, till the perfecting of that great work, into the ſecret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous reader ſhould have ſome little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand ſeven hundred forty and three perſons; which, by modeſt computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral ſchools of this academy, and there purſue thoſe ſtudies to which their genius moſt inclines them.

The undertaker himſelf will publiſh his propoſals with all convenient ſpeed; to which I ſhall refer the curious reader

reader for a more particular account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the principal ſchools. There is firſt a large pederaſtic ſchool, with French and Italian maſters: there is alſo the ſpelling ſchool, a very ſpacious building; the ſchool of looking-glaſſes; the ſchool of ſwearing; the ſchool of critics; the ſchool of ſalivation; the ſchool of hobby-horſes; the ſchool of poetry; the ſchool of tops *; the ſchool of ſpleen; the ſchool of gaming; with many others, too tedious to recount. No perſon to be admitted a member into any of theſe ſchools, without an atteſtation under two ſufficient perſon's hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal duty of a Preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatiſe. Not ſo my more ſucceſsful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let ſlip a preface or dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing ſtroke, to ſurpriſe the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious poet, who, ſoliciting his brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the hangman, and his patron to the patient. This was † *inſigne, re-*

* This, I think, the author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame nature with the ſchool of hobby-horſes; if one may venture to cenſure one who is ſo ſevere a cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little diſtinction.

[† Hor.]

ems,

cens, indictum ore alio *. When I went through that neceſſary and noble courſe of ſtudy, † I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious touches; which I ſhall not injure the authors by tranſplanting; becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a modern piece of wit, which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to day, or faſting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or ſpoke by Mr. What d'y'call'm, or in a ſummer's morning; any of which, by the ſmalleſt tranſpoſal or miſapplication, is utterly annihilated. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus; out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being left. The moderns have artfully fixed this Mercury, and reduced it to the circumſtances of time, place and perſon. Such a jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of Covent-garden; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde Park corner. Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me, to conſider, that all the towardly paſſages I ſhall deliver, in the following treatiſe, will grow quite out of date and reliſh with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent ſcene; yet I muſt need ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at expence to furniſh wit for ſucceeding ages, when the former have made no ſort of proviſion for our's: wherein I ſpeak the ſentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely ſolicitous, that every accom-

* Something extraordinary new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

pliſhed

pliſhed perſon, who has got into the taſte of wit, calculated for this preſent month of Auguſt 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very bottom of all the ſublime throughout this treatiſe, I hold it fit to lay down this general maxim. Whatever reader deſires to have a thorough comprehenſion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himſelf into the circumſtances and poſtures of life that the writer was in upon every important paſſage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and ſtrict correſpondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to aſſiſt the diligent reader in ſo delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the ſhrewdeſt pieces of this treatiſe were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reaſon beſt known to myſelf, I thought fit to ſharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long courſe of phyſic, and a great want of money. Now I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid peruſer to go along with me in a great many bright paſſages, unleſs, upon the ſeveral difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe directions. And this I lay down as my principal *poſtulatum*.

Becauſe I have profeſſed to be a moſt devoted ſervant of all moderns, I apprehend ſome curious wit may object againſt me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming, according to the cuſtom, againſt the multitude of writers whereof the whole multitude of writers moſt reaſonably complain. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle reader con-

cerning this enormous grievance. Of theſe I have preſerved a few examples, and ſhall ſet them down, as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus,

"For a man to ſet up for a writer, when the preſs "ſwarms with, &c"

Another:

"The tax upon paper does not leſſen the number of "ſcribblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another:

"When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, "it is in vain to enter the liſts, &c.

Another:

"To obſerve what traſh the preſs ſwarms with, &c."

Another:

"Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, "that I venture into the public: for who, upon a leſs "conſideration, would be of a party with ſuch a rabble "of ſcribblers? &c."

Now, I have two words in my own defence againſt this objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuiſance to our nation; having ſtrenuouſly maintained the contrary in ſeveral parts of the following diſcourſe. Secondly, I do not well underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite prefaces to be not only from the ſame hand, but from thoſe who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral productions. Upon which I ſhall tell the reader a ſhort tale.

"A mountebank in Leiceſter-fields had drawn a huge "aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unwieldy "fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit

"crying

"crying out,—Lord, what a filthy croud is here! Pray, "good people give way a little. Bleſs me! what a de- "vil has raked this rabble together! Z——ds, what "ſqueezing is this! Honeſt friend, remove your elbow." ——At laſt, a weaver, that ſtood next him, could hold no longer.—"A plague confound you (ſaid he) "for an overgrown ſloven; and who, (in the devil's "name), I wonder, helps to make up the croud half "ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, (with a "pox), that you take up more room with that carcaſs "than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as "for you? Bring your own guts to a reaſonable com- "paſs, (and be d—n'd); and then I'll engage we ſhall "have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer; the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reaſon to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or ſentence is printed in a different character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary, either of wit or ſublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf upon ſome occaſions or none, I am ſure it will need no excuſe, if a multitude of great examples be allowed ſufficient authority: For it is here to be noted, that praiſe was originally a penſion paid by the world: but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-ſimple; ſince which time the right of preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this reaſon it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uſes a certain form to declare

and inſiſt upon his title; which is commonly in theſe or the like words, I ſpeak without vanity: which, I think, plainly ſhews it to be a matter of right and juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatiſe, the form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the trouble of repeating it on ſo many occaſions.

It is a great eaſe to my conſcience, that I have written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſcourſe without one grain of ſatire intermixed; which is the ſole point wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have obſerved ſome ſatiriſts to uſe the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horſed for diſcipline: Firſt, expoſtulate the caſe, then plead the neceſſity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a laſh. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, theſe gentlemen might very well ſpare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a member as the world's poſteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Beſides, moſt of our late ſatiriſts ſeem to lie under a ſort of miſtake, that becauſe nettles have the prerogative to ſting, therefore all other weeds muſt do ſo too. I make not this compariſon out of the leaſt deſign to detract from theſe worthy writers: for it is well known among mythologiſts, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the firſt monarch of this iſland, whoſe taſte and judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the roſes from the collar of the order, and plant the thiſtles in their ſtead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reaſon it is conjectured by

by profounder antiquaries, that the ſatirical itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flouriſh and abound. May it ſurvive and neglect the ſcorn of the world, with as much eaſe and contempt as the world is inſenſible to the laſhes of it. May their own dulneſs or that of their party be no diſcouragement for the authors to proceed: but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never ſo apt to cut thoſe they are employed on, as when they have loſt their edge. Beſides, thoſe, whoſe teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reaſon I muſt needs bear a true honour to this large eminent ſect of our Britiſh writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offenſive to their ears, ſince it has the advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, Nature herſelf has taken order, that fame and honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better penny-worth by ſatire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being ſooneſt provoked to praiſe by laſhes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty topics, without the ſmalleſt tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauſeating of the Chriſtian reader, but, if not ſuddenly prevented, to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent diſeaſe, the lethargy, in this iſland: whereas there is very little ſatire which has not ſomething in it untouched before. The defects of the former are uſually imputed to the want of invention among thoſe

who are dealers in that kind: but, I think, with a great deal of injuſtice; the ſolution being eaſy and natural. For, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long ſince exhauſted: for, as health is but one thing, and has been always the ſame, whereas diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new and daily additions: ſo all the virtues, that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmoſt a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a liſt of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phraſe till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork*, with a little variety of ſauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when ideas are exhauſted, terms of art muſt be ſo too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of ſatire, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient reaſon, why the latter will be always better received than the firſt. For, this being beſtowed only upon one or a few perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe envy, and conſequently ill words, from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the bleſſing. But ſatire, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any; ſince every individual perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular part of the burden upon the ſhoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the difference between

[* Plutarch.]

Athens

Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth*, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word, let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas, in England, it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that "doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs "of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as "the pox; that honesty is fled with *Astræa*;" with any other common-places equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis* †. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else! against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit be as fierce as you please, against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a

[* *Vid. Xenoph.*]
[† *Hor.* Spleen.]

racket about him to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the company. But, on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the nature of things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle hint in public, how ſuch a one ſtarved half the fleet, and half poiſoned the reſt; how ſuch a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts, but for wenches and play; how ſuch a one has got a clap, and runs out of his eſtate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus (*), loth to offend either party, ſlept out the whole cauſe on the bench; or, how ſuch an orator makes long ſpeeches in the ſenate with much thought, little ſenſe, and to no purpoſe: whoever, I ſay, ſhould venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned for *ſcandalum magnatum*; to have challenges ſent him; to be ſued for defamation, and to be brought before the bar of the houſe.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a ſubject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for ſatire! On the other ſide, I am ſo entirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent procedure of human things, that I have been for ſome years preparing materials towards a panegyric upon the world; to which I intended to add a ſecond part intitled, A Modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both theſe I had thoughts to publiſh, by way of appendix to the following treatiſe; but, finding my common-place book ſtill much ſlower than I had reaſon to expect, I have

* Juno and Venus are money and a miſtreſs; very powerful bribes to a judge, if ſcandal ſays true. I remember ſuch reflections were caſt about that time; but I cannot fix the perſon intended here.

choſen to defer them to another occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that deſign, by a certain domeſtic misfortune: in the particulars whereof, though it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would alſo be of great aſſiſtance towards extending this Preface into the ſize now in vogue, which by rule, ought to be large, in proportion as the ſubſequent volume is ſmall; yet I ſhall now diſmiſs our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a Preliminary Diſcourſe, ſhall gladly introduce him to the ſublime myſteries that enſue.

Treatiſes wrote by the ſame Author, moſt of them mentioned in the following Diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A Character of the Preſent ſet of *Wits* in this Iſland.

A Panegyrical Eſſay upon the Number THREE.

A Diſſertation upon the Principal Productions of *Grub-ſtreet*.

Lectures upon a Diſſection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Diſcourſe upon Zeal, *Hiſtori-theo phyſiologically* conſidered.

A General Hiſtory of *Ears*.

A Modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Deſcription of the Kingdom of *Abſurdities*.

A Voyage into *England*, by a Perſon of Quality in *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*, tranſlated from the original.

A Critical Eſſay upon the Art of *Canting*, philoſophically, phyſically, and muſically conſidered.

A
TALE OF A TUB.

SECTION I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himſelf to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all aſſemblies, though you wedge them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar property, That over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of numbers, as of hell.

——————*Evadere ad auras*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt *.

To this end, the philoſopher's way in all ages has been, by erecting certain edifices in the air. But, whatever practice and reputation theſe kinds of ſtructures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was ſuſpended in a baſket, to help contemplation; I think, with due ſubmiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two inconveniencies. Firſt, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of ſight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from inclemencies of air, eſpecially in theſe north-weſt regions.

Therefore, towards the juſt performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wiſdom of our anceſtors, being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring adventurers,

* But to return, and view the chearful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.

thought

thought fit to erect three wooden machines, for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminence, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjunct subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, The place of sleep; but in common acceptation, A seat, well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, whilst others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to such a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is

now

row in the preſs, (and will be publiſhed next term), a Panegyrical Eſſay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by moſt convincing proofs, not only reduced the ſenſes and the elements under its banner, but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now the firſt of theſe oratorical machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this iſland ſeveral ſorts. But I eſteem only that made of timber, from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of ſound, and for other reaſons, to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in ſhape and ſize, I take to conſiſt in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and beſt of all without a cover; (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered veſſel in every aſſembly where it is rightfully uſed): by which means, from its near reſemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need ſay nothing. It is obſerved by foreigners themſelves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and underſtanding of this machine. The aſcending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world, in the early publication of their ſpeeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt treaſury of our Britiſh eloquence; and whereof I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookſeller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he ſhortly deſigns to publiſh in twelve volumes in folio, illuſtrated with copper-plates: A work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a hand!

The laſt engine of orators is the ſtage itinerant *, erected with much ſagacity, *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis* †. It is the greateſt ſeminary of the two

* That is the Mountebank's ſtage, whoſe orators the author determines either to be the gallows or a conventicle.

† In the open air, and in ſtreets where the greateſt reſort is.

former:

former: and its orators are ſometimes preferred to the one, and ſometimes to the other, in proportion to their deſervings; there being a ſtrict and perpetual intercourſe between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifeſt, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of neceſſity required a ſuperior poſition of place. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cauſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural ſolution of this phœnomenon. The deepeſt account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore (according to the ſyſtem of Epicurus *) continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by words; which are alſo bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep impreſſions they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere ſenſus †.
Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common obſervation, That, in the ſeveral aſſemblies of theſe orators, nature itſelf hath inſtructed the hearers to ſtand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which poſition, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a ſhare, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our modern theatres. For,

* Lucret. lib. 2.

† 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body ever ſound.

firſt,

firſt, the pit is ſunk below the ſtage, with due regard to the inſtitution above deduced; that whatever weighty matter ſhall be delivered thence, (whether it be lead or gold), may fall plum into the jaws of certain critics (as I think they are called) which ſtand ready open to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; becauſe that large portion of wit, laid out in raiſing pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid underſtandings of the inhabitants. Bombaſt and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all; and would be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foreſight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny-gallery; and there planted a ſuitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their paſſage.

Now, this phyſico-logical ſcheme of oratorical receptacles, or machines, contains a great myſtery; being a type, a ſign, an emblem, a ſhadow, a ſymbol, bearing analogy to the ſpacious commonwealth of writers, and to thoſe methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern ſaints in Great-Britain, as they have ſpiritualized and refined them from the droſs and groſſneſs of ſenſe and human reaſon. The matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten wood; and that upon two conſiderations: becauſe it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark: and, ſecondly, becauſe its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles *, having a reſpect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

* The two principal qualifications of a Fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots, and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.

The ladder is an adequate ſymbol of faction, and of poetry; to both of which ſo noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction * ; becauſe *

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Hiatus in MS.

Of poetry; becauſe its orators do perorate with a ſong; and becauſe climbing up by ſlow degrees, fate is ſure to turn them off before they can reach within many ſteps of the top; and becauſe it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the ſtage-itinerant, are couched thoſe productions deſigned for the pleaſure and delight of mortal man, ſuch as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Weſtminſter Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Compleat Jeſters, and the like: by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in theſe latter ages ſo nobly triumphed over time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glaſs, blunted his ſcythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his ſhoes. It is under this claſſis I have preſumed to liſt my preſent treatiſe, being juſt come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illuſtrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-ſtreet brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior up-ſtart ſocieties, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed poſt in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been ſo negligent a looker-on, as not to obſerve the continual efforts made by the ſocieties of

* Here is pretended a defect in the manuſcript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot ſay any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the ſubject; or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuſe his reader, (whereof he is frequently very fond); or, laſtly, with ſome ſatirical intention.

Greſham,

Greſham*, and of Will's †, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more-feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderneſs, as well as of juſtice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themſelves, (to ſay nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point), that they both are ſeminaries, not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the liſts with united forces, and challenge us to a compariſon of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our Preſident, I humbly offer two anſwers. Firſt, We ſay, the propoſal is like that which Archimedes made upon a ſmaller affair‡, including an impoſſibility in the practice: for where can they find ſcales of capacity enough for the firſt, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the ſecond? Secondly, We are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial judgment it ſhall be left to decide, which ſociety, each book, treatiſe or pamphlet, does moſt properly belong to: This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent. For we are ready to produce a catalogue of ſome thouſands, which in all common juſtice ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but, by the revolted and new fangled writers, moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination ſhould be remitted to the authors themſelves; when our adverſaries, by briguing and caballing, have cauſed ſo univerſal a defection from us, that the greateſt

* Greſham College was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane court in Fleet-Street.

† Will's Coffee-houſe was formerly the place where the poets uſually met; which, though it be yet freſh in memory, in ſome years may be forgot, and want this explanation.

[‡ Viz. about moving the earth.]

part of our ſociety hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own us.

This is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a ſubject; becauſe we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controverſy, whoſe continuance may be ſo fatal to the intereſts of us all; deſiring much rather that things be amicably compoſed. And we ſhall ſo far advance on our ſide, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their huſks and their harlots; which, I think, from the preſent courſe of their ſtudies*, they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our bleſſing.

But the greateſt maim given to that general reception which the writings of our ſociety have formerly received, next to the tranſitory ſtate of all ſublunary things, hath been, a ſuperficial vein among many readers of the preſent age, who will by no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the ſurface and the rind of things. Whereas, wiſdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the pains to dig out. It is a cheeſe, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer coat; and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are the beſt. It is a ſack-poſſet, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. Wiſdom is a hen, whoſe cackling we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an egg. But, then, laſtly, it is a nut, which, unleſs you chuſe with judgment, may coſt you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In conſequence of theſe momentous truths, the *Grubæan* ſages have always choſen to convey their precepts and their arts, ſhut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which, having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe vehicles, after the uſual fate of coaches

[* Virtuoſo experiments, and modern comedies.]

over-

over-finely painted and gilt, that the tranſitory gazers have ſo dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider the perſon or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs reluctance, becauſe, it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æſop, Socrates, and other of our predeceſſors.

However, that neither the world nor ourſelves may any longer ſuffer by ſuch miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much opportunity from my friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious diſſertation upon the prime productions of our ſociety; which, beſides their beautiful externals, for the gratification of ſuperficial readers, have, darkly and deeply couched under them, the moſt finiſhed and refined ſyſtems of all ſciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwiſting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or diſplay by inciſion.

This great work was entered upon ſome years ago, by one of our moſt eminent members. He began with the hiſtory of Reynard the Fox *; but neither lived to publiſh his eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an attempt: which is very much to be lamented; becauſe the diſcovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerſally received. Nor do I think any of the learned will diſpute that famous treatiſe to be a compleat body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypſe, of all ſtate-*arcana*. But the progreſs I have made, is much greater; having already finiſhed my annotations upon ſeveral dozens: from ſome of which I ſhall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the concluſion at which I aim.

The firſt piece I have handled is that of Tom

* The author ſeems here to be miſtaken: for I have ſeen a Latin edition of Reynard the Fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original. For the reſt, it has been thought by many people to contain ſome ſatirical deſign in it.

Thumb, whoſe author was a Pythagorean philoſopher. This dark treatiſe contains the whole ſcheme of the metempſychoſis, deducing the progreſs of the ſoul through all her ſtages.

The next is Dr. Fauſtus, penned by *Artephius*, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He publiſhed it in the nine hundred eighty fourth year of his age *. This writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida*. And the marriage between Fauſtus and Helen, does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that myſterious *Rabbi, Jehuda Hannaſi*; containing a defence of the *Gemara* † of the *Jeruſalem Miſna*, and its juſt preference to that of Babylon; contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther: This is the maſter piece of a famous writer now living ‡, intended for a compleat abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchool-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Potts: Another piece ſuppoſed by the ſame hand, by way of ſupplement to the former.

The wiſe men of Gotham, *cum Appendice*: This is a treatiſe of immenſe erudition; being the great original and fountain of thoſe arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a juſt defence of the moderns' learning and wit, againſt the preſumption, the pride, and the ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath ſo exhauſted the ſubject, that a penetrating reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that diſpute, to be little more than

* The chymiſts ſay of him in their books that he prolonged his life a thouſand years, and then died voluntarily.

† The *Gemara* is the deciſion, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewiſh rabbies: and the *Miſna* is properly the code or body of the Jewiſh civil or common law.

[‡ Viz. In the year 1698.]

repetition.

repetition. An abſtract of this treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed, by a worthy member of our ſociety*.

Theſe notices may ſerve to give the learned reader an idea as well as a taſte of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my thoughts and my ſtudies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life †. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the ſervice of the ſtate, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popiſh plots, and Meal-tubs‡, and excluſion-bills, and paſſive obedience, and addreſſes of lives and fortunes; and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conſcience, and letters to a friend; from an underſtanding and a conſcience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places, by the malignants of the oppoſite factions; and from a body ſpent with poxes ill cured, by truſting to bawds and ſurgeons; who (as it afterwards appeared) were profeſſed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my noſe and ſhins. Fourſcore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the ſervice of ſix and thirty factions. But, finding the ſtate has no further occaſion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into ſpeculations more becoming a philoſopher; having, to my unſpeakable comfort, paſſed a long life, with a conſcience void of offence towards God, and towards men.

But to return: I am aſſured from the reader's can-

* This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr. W— tt—n's Diſcourſe of Ancient and Modern Learning.

† Here the author ſeems to perſonate L'Eſtrange, Dryden, and ſome others; who, after having paſſed their lives in vices, faction, and falſhood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and ſufferings.

‡ In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a Preſbyterian plot found in a tub, which then made much noiſe.

dour,

dour, that the brief ſpecimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our ſociety's productions from an aſperſion, grown, as it is manifeſt, out of envy and ignorance. That they are of little farther uſe or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their ſtyle; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt adverſaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical part, I have throughout this treatiſe, cloſely followed the moſt applauded originals. And to render all compleat, I have, with much thought and application of mind, ſo ordered that the chief title prefixed to it, (I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common converſations of court and town), is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our ſociety.

I confeſs to have been ſomewhat liberal in the buſineſs of titles *; having obſerved the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed, it ſeems not unreaſonable, that books, the children of the brain, ſhould have the honour to be chriſtened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a multiplicity of god-fathers†; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general imitation, when ſuch an authority ſerves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an example: but it ſeems, there is an unhappy expence uſually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and

[* The title page in the original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral titles which the author here ſpeaks of.]

† See Virgil tranſlated, &c.

pains

pains to ſplit my treatiſe into forty ſections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to ſtand, they all made it matter of conſcience, and ſent me their excuſes.

SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three ſons by one wife*, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldeſt. Their father died while they were young; and upon his deathbed, calling the lads to him, ſpoke thus.

"Sons, Becauſe I have purchaſed no eſtate, nor was "born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good le- "gacies to bequeath you; and at laſt, with much care, "as well as expence, have provided each of you (here "they are) a new coat†. Now, you are to under- "ſtand that theſe coats have two virtues contained in "them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will "laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live: the other "is, that they will grow in the ſame proportion with "your bodies, lengthening and widening of themſelves, "ſo as to be always fit. Here, let me ſee them on you "before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear "them clean, and bruſh them often. You will find "in my will ‡ (here it is) full inſtructions in every par- "ticular concerning the wearing and management of "your coats; wherein you muſt be very exact, to avoid "the penalties I have appointed for every tranſgreſſion "or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will en-

* By theſe three ſons, Peter, Martin and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Proteſtant Diſſenters, are deſigned. W. Wotton.

† By his coats which he gave his ſons, the garments of the Iſraelites. W. Wotton.

An error, with ſubmiſſion, of the learned commentator: for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of Chriſtianity, by the wiſdom of the Divine Founder fitted to all times, places, and circumſtances. Lambin.

‡ The New Teſtament.

"tirely

" tirely depend. I have alſo commanded in my will,
" that you ſhould live together in one houſe, like bre-
" thren and friends; for then you will be ſure to thrive,
" and not otherwiſe."

Here the ſtory ſays, this good father died, and the three ſons went, altogether, to ſeek their fortunes.

I ſhall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the firſt ſeven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully obſerved their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through ſeveral countries, encountered a reaſonable quantity of giants, and ſlew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themſelves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but eſpecially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Ducheſs *d'Argent*, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Counteſs *d'Orgueil* *. On their firſt appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception, and ſoon with great ſagacity gueſſing out the reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and ſung, and ſaid, and ſaid nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and ſlept, and ſwore, and took ſnuff; they went to new plays on the firſt night, haunted the chocolate houſes, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with ſhopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down ſtairs, ate at Locket's, loitered at Wills'; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with Lords they never ſaw; whiſpered a Ducheſs, and ſpoke never a word; expoſed the ſcrawls of their laundreſs for billetdoux of quality; came ever juſt from

* Their miſtreſſes are, the Ducheſs *d'Argent*, *Mademoiſelle de Grands Titres*, and the Counteſs *d'Orgueil*, i. e. covetouſneſs, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed againſt, as the firſt corruptions of Chriſtianity. W. Wotton.

court,

court, and were never ſeen in it; attended the levee *ſub dio*; got a liſt of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe committees of ſenators who are ſilent in the houſe, and loud in the coffee-houſe; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are incompaſſed with a ring of diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like ſtamp, too tedious to recount; and by conſequence, were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the town. But all would not ſuffice, and the ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I muſt, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourſe to ſome points of weight, which the authors of that age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

For about this time it happened, a ſect aroſe whoſe tenets obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good faſhion *. They worſhipped a ſort of idol †, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men, by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the higheſt parts of the houſe, on an altar, erected about three foot. He was ſhewn in the poſture of a Perſian Emperor, ſitting on a ſuperficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a gooſe for his enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell ſeemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating: to prevent which, certain of his prieſts hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed maſs or ſubſtance, and ſometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The gooſe was alſo held a ſubaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whoſe

* This is an occaſional ſatire upon dreſs and faſhion, in order to introduce what follows

† By this idol is meant a taylor.

ſhrine

ſhrine was ſacrificed that creature, whoſe hourly food is human gore, and who is in ſo great renown abroad, for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus *. Millions of theſe animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every day, to appeaſe the hunger of that conſuming deity. The chief idol was alſo worſhipped as the inventor of the yard and the needle; whether as the god of ſeamen, or on account of certain other myſtical attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

The worſhippers of this deity had alſo a ſyſtem of their belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the univerſe to be a large ſuit of cloaths, which inveſts every thing: That the earth is inveſted by the air; the air is inveſted by the ſtars; and the ſtars are inveſted by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and faſhionable dreſs. What is that which ſome call land, but a fine coat, faced with green? or the ſea, but a waiſtcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature hath been, to trim up the vegetable beaux: obſerve how ſparkiſh a perriwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white ſatin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himſelf, but a micro-coat†; or rather a compleat ſuit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no diſpute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order, towards furniſhing out an exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; is not religion a cloak; honeſty a pair of ſhoes, worn out in the dirt; ſelf-love a ſurtout; vanity a ſhirt; and conſcience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?

* The Ægyptians worſhipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, ſtyled here creatures that feed on human gore.

† Alluding to the word microcoſm, or a little world, as man hath been called by philoſophers. Theſe

Theſe *poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due courſe of reaſoning, that thoſe beings, which the world call improperly ſuits of cloaths, are in reality the moſt refined ſpecies of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inſeparable properties? In ſhort, we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the ſtreets, fill up Parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy houſes? It is true indeed, that theſe animals, which are vulgarly called ſuits of cloaths, or dreſſes, do according to certain compoſitions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horſe, it is called a Lord Mayor: if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain poſition, we ſtyle them a Judge; and ſo, an apt conjunction of lawn and black ſattin, we intitle a Biſhop.

Others of theſe profeſſors, though agreeing in the main ſyſtem, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dreſſes, the natural and the celeſtial ſuit; which were the body and the ſoul; that the ſoul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfuſion. This laſt they proved by ſcripture; becauſe in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewiſe by philoſophy, becauſe they are all in all, and all in every part. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the body to be only a ſenſeleſs unſavoury carcaſs. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward dreſs muſt needs be the ſoul.

To this ſyſtem of religion were tagged ſeveral ſubaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner.

Embroidery was ſheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable converſation; gold lace was repartee: a huge long periwig was humour; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery. All which required abundance of *fineſſe* and *delicateſſe* to manage with advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and faſhions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this ſhort ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity; which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other ſyſtems, either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous reader, to peruſe, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And ſo leaving theſe broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my ſtory, and proceed.

Theſe opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, (whom we have named already,) were ever at the very top of the faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of an hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very preciſe; and it was the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed, Not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats, one thread, without a poſitive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſewn, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but, at the ſame time, very plain, and with little or no ornament*.

* The firſt part of the Tale is the hiſtory of Peter; thereby

And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great ſhoulder-knots came up *: ſtraight all the world was ſhoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the quota of ſhoulder-knots. "That "fellow (cries one) has no ſoul; where is his ſhoulder-"knot?" Our three brethren ſoon diſcovered their want by ſad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-houſe, the door keeper ſhewed them into the twelve-penny gallery; if they called a boat, ſays a waterman, I am firſt ſculler; if they ſtepped to the Roſe to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we ſell no ale; if they went to viſit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with Pray, ſend up your meſſage. In this unhappy caſe they went immediately to conſult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the ſhoulder-knot. What ſhould they do? What temper ſhould they find? Obedience was abſolutely neceſſary; and yet ſhoulder-knots appeared extremely requiſite. After much thought, one of the brothers who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, ſaid he had found an expedient. "It is true (ſaid he)

by Popery is expoſed: every body knows the Papiſts have made great additions to Chriſtianity; that indeed is the great exception which the Church of England makes againſt them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a ſhoulder-knot to his coat. W. Wotton.

His deſcription of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may ſeem to import: "The coats their father had left them, were of very good "cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſewn, you would ſwear they "had been all of a piece: but, at the ſame time, very plain, "with little or no ornament." This is the diſtinguiſhing character of the Chriſtian religion. *Chriſtiana religio abſoluta et ſimplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's deſcription of it, who was himſelf a Heathen. W. Wotton.

* By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of pageantry, and unneceſſary ornaments in the church, ſuch as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a ſhoulder-knot, in which there is neither ſymmetry nor uſe.

" there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis* *, " making mention of ſhoulder-knots; but I dare con- " jecture we may find them incluſive, or *totidem ſyllabis*." This diſtinction was immediately approved by all; and ſo they fell again to examine the will. But their evil ſtar had ſo directed the matter, that the firſt ſyllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which diſappointment, he who found the former evaſion, took heart, and ſaid, " Brothers, there is yet hopes; for " though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *toti-* " *dem ſyllabis*, I dare engage we ſhall make them out " *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*." This diſcovery was alſo highly commended: upon which they fell once more to the ſcrutiny, and ſoon picked out S,H,O,U,L,-D,E,R; when the ſame planet, enemy to their repoſe, had wonderfully contrived, that K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the diſtinguiſhing brother, (for whom we ſhall hereafter find a name,) now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuſcripts. " It is true (ſaid he) the word " *Calendæ* hath in *Q. V. C.*† ‡. been ſometimes wrote " with a K, but erroneouſly; for in the beſt copies it is " ever ſpelt with a C. And by conſequence it was a " groſs miſtake in our language, to ſpell knot with a " K; but that from henceforward he would take care " it ſhould be written with a C." Upon this, all farther difficulty vaniſhed; ſhoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as flanting ones as the beſt.

* When the Papiſts cannot find any thing which they want in Scripture, they go to oral tradition. Thus Peter is introduced ſatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word which he has occaſion for, in the will; when neither the conſtituent ſyllables, nor much leſs the whole word, were there *in terminis*. W. Wotton.

[† *Quibuſdam veteribus codicibus.*]

‡ Some ancient manuſcripts.

But

But as human happineſs is of very ſhort duration, ſo in thoſe days were human faſhions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time; and we muſt now imagine them in their decline: for a certain Lord came juſt from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-faſhion of that month. In two days, all mankind appeared cloſed up in bars of gold-lace*. Whoever durſt peep abroad without his compliment of gold-lace, was as ſcandalous as a——, and as ill received among the women. What ſhould our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had ſufficiently ſtrained a point already, in the affair of ſhoulder-knots. Upon recourſe to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum ſilentium*. That of the ſhoulder-knots was a looſe, flying, circumſtantial point; but this of gold-lace ſeemed too conſiderable an alteration, without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a poſitive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforeſaid had read *Ariſtotelis Dialectica*; and eſpecially that wonderful piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itſelf, like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without underſtanding a ſyllable of the text. "Brothers, (ſaid he,) "You are to be informed, that of wills, *duo ſunt genera*, "nuncupatory and ſcriptory. That in the ſcriptory "will here before us, there is no precept or mention "about gold-lace, *conceditur*; but *ſi idem affirmetur de* "*nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow ſay, when we were boys, that "he heard my father's man ſay, that he heard my father ſay, that he would adviſe his ſons to get gold-"lace on their coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure "money to buy it." "By G— that is very true." cries the other; "I remember it perfectly well,"

* I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting ſcripture.

ſaid the third. And ſo, without more ado, they got the largeſt gold-lace in the pariſh, and walked about as fine as Lords.

A while after, there came up, all in faſhion, a pretty ſort of flame-coloured ſattin * for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. "An't pleaſe your Worſhips, (ſaid he), My "Lord C— and Sir J. W. † had linings out of this "very piece laſt night. It takes wonderfully; and I "ſhall not have a remnant left, enough to make my "wife a pin-cuſhion, by to-morrow morning at ten "o'clock." Upon this they fell again to rumage the will, becauſe the preſent caſe alſo required a poſitive precept; the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the eſſence of the coat. After long ſearch they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a ſhort advice of their father's in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to ſleep‡. This, though a good deal for the purpoſe, and helping very far towards ſelf conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of force to eſtabliſh a command; and being reſolved to

* This is purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to ſhew how ſcripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the canon, to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed.

It is likely the author, in every one of theſe changes in the brother's dreſſes, refers to ſome particular error in the church of Rome; though it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of flame-coloured ſattin is manifeſtly intended purgatory; by gold-lace may perhaps be underſtood the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The ſhoulder-knots and ſilver fringe are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romiſh churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

† This ſhews the time the author writ; it being about fourteen years ſince thoſe two perſons were reckoned the fine Gentlemen of the town.

‡ That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguiſh their luſts.

avoid

avoid farther ſcruple, as well as future occaſion for ſcandal, ſays he that was the ſcholar, "I remember to have "read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is indeed "a part of the will; and what it contains, hath equal "authority with the reſt. Now, I have been conſider- "ing of this ſame will here before us; and I cannot "reckon it to be compleat, for want of ſuch a codicil. "I will therefore faſten one in its proper place very dex- "terouſly. I have had it by me ſome time. It was "written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's*; and "talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this "very flame-coloured ſattin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment ſcroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the ſattin bought and worn.

Next winter, a player, hired for the purpoſe by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with ſilver-fringe †; and, according to the laudable cuſtom, gave riſe to that faſhion. Upon which, the brothers conſulting their father's will, to their great aſtoniſhment found theſe words: "Item, "I charge and command my ſaid three ſons, to wear no "ſort of ſilver-fringe upon or about their ſaid coats, "&c." with a penalty in caſe of diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome pauſe, the brother ſo often mentioned for his erudition, who was well ſkilled in criticiſms, had found, in a certain author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame word, which in the will is called fringe, does alſo ſignify a broom ſtick‡, and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers diſliked,

* I believe this refers to that part of the Apocrypha where mention is made of Tobit and his dog.

† This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

‡ The next ſubject of our author's wit is the gloſſes and interpretations of ſcripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt authentic books of the church of Rome. W. Wotton.

becauſe

becauſe of that epithet ſilver; which could not, be humbly conceived, in propriety of ſpeech, be reaſonably applied to a broom-ſtick. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was underſtood in a mythological and allegorical ſenſe. However, he objected again, why their father ſhould forbid them to wear a broom-ſtick on their coats; a caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which, he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a myſtery; which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be overcurioufly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And, in ſhort, their father's authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful diſpenſation, for wearing their full proportion of ſilver fringe.

A while after, was revived an old faſhion, long antiquated, of embroidery, with Indian figures of men, women and children *. Here they had no occaſion to examine the will. They remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this faſhion; that he made ſeveral paragraphs on purpoſe, importing his utter deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting curſe to his ſons, whenever they ſhould wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the faſhion than any body elſe in the town. But they ſolved the matter, by ſaying, that theſe figures were not at all the ſame with thoſe that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Beſides, they did not wear them in that ſenſe as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable cuſtom, and of great uſe to the public. That theſe rigorous clauſes in the will did therefore require ſome allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*.

But faſhions perpetually altering in that age, the

* The images of ſaints, the bleſſed virgin, and our Saviour, an infant.

Ibid. Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, The brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. W. Wotton.

ſcholaſtic

ſcholaſtic brother grew weary of ſearching farther evaſions, and ſolving everlaſting contradictions. Reſolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimouſly, to lock up their father's will in a ſtrong box*, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgot which; and trouble themſelves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In conſequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode, to wear an infinite number of points, moſt of them tagged with ſilver. Upon which, the ſcholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, that points were abſolutely *jure paterno* as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the faſhion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the will; however that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauſes for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or elſe *multa abſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for canonical; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, ſo often mentioned, was reckoned the beſt ſcholar in all that or the next ſtreet to it; inſomuch as, having run ſomething behind-hand with the world, he obtained the favour from a certain Lord‡,

* The Papiſts formerly forbade the people the uſe of ſcripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore locks up his father's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of Greece or Italy. Thoſe countries are named, becauſe the New Teſtament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentic edition of the Bible in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. W. Wotton.

† The Popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their ſanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in ſcripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*. That points tagged with ſilver were abſolutely *jure paterno*; and ſo they wore them in great numbers. W. Wotton.

‡ This was Conſtantine the Great, from whom the Popes pretend

to receive him into his houſe, and to teach his children. A while after, the Lord died; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that houſe to himſelf and his heirs. Upon which he took poſſeſſion, turned the young 'ſquires out, and received his brothers in their ſtead*.

SECT. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

THOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illuſtrious moderns; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my memory led me into an error; from which I muſt immediately extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal ſubject. I confeſs with ſhame it was an unpardonable omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due diſcourſes, expoſtulatory, ſupplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good Lords the critics. Towards ſome atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort account of themſelves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and conſidering the ancient and preſent ſtate thereof very briefly.

By the word critic, at this day ſo frequent in all converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three

pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

* Ibid. The Biſhops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at firſt by the favour of the Emperors, whom at laſt they ſhut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Conſtantine the Great, the better to juſtify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, "having run ſomething be-"hind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain Lord, &c. W. Wotton."

very

very different ſpecies of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For, firſt, by this term were underſtood ſuch perſons as invented or drew up rules for themſelves and the world; by obſerving which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, from his taſte to a true reliſh of the ſublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of ſtyle from the corruption that apes it: in their common peruſal of books, ſingling out the errors and defects, the nauſeous, the fulſome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh ſtreets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and ſpy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to obſerve the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimenſions, much leſs to be padling in, or taſting it; but only with a deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the appellation of critic in a literal ſenſe; that one principal part of his office was to praiſe, and acquit; and that of a critic, who ſets up to read only for an occaſion of cenſure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who ſhould take up a reſolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic, have been meant the reſtorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and duſt of manuſcripts.

Now, the races of theſe two have been for ſome ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpoſe.

The third and nobleſt ſort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whoſe original is the moſt ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, deſcending in a direct line from a celeſtial ſtem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat B--tley, and Rym-r, and W-tton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And

And theſe are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among thoſe of Hercules, Theſeus, Perſeus, and other great deſervers of mankind. But heroic virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, That thoſe ancient héroes, famous for their combating ſo many giants and dragons, and robbers, were in their own perſons a greater nuiſance to mankind, than any of thoſe monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all other vermin were deſtroyed, ſhould in conſcience have concluded with the ſame juſtice upon themſelves; as Hercules moſt generouſly did; and hath, upon that ſcore, procured to himſelf more temples and votaries than the beſt of his fellows. For theſe reaſons, I ſuppoſe, it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his taſk aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to ratſbane, or hemp, or from ſome convenient latitude; and that no man's pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a character ſhould by any means be received, before that operation was performed.

Now, from this heavenly deſcent of criticiſm, and the cloſe analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is eaſy to aſſign the proper employment of a true, ancient, genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vaſt world of writings; to purſue and hunt thoſe monſtrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads, and rake them together like Augeas's dung; or elſe drive away a ſort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverſe inclination to plunder the beſt branches of the tree of knowledge; like thoſe Stimphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

Theſe reaſonings will furniſh us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is a diſcoverer and collector of writer's faults. Which may be farther put beyond

beyond diſpute by the following demonſtration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient ſect has honoured the world, ſhall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether converſant and taken up with the faults, and blemiſhes, and overſights, and miſtakes of other writers; and let the ſubject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are ſo entirely poſſeſſed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quinteſſence of what is bad, does of neceſſity diſtil into their own; by which means, the whole appears to be nothing elſe but an abſtract of the criticiſms themſelves have made.

Having thus briefly conſidered the original and office of a critic, as the word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of thoſe who argue from the ſilence and pretermiſſion of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of criticiſm, as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and conſequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original ſo ancient and illuſtrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the moſt ancient writers have particularly deſcribed both the perſon and office of a true critic agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the ſilence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confeſs to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I ſhould never have acquitted myſelf, but through the aſſiſtance of our noble moderns; whoſe moſt edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. Theſe have with unwearied pains made many uſeful ſearches into the weak ſides of the ancients, and given us a comprehenſive liſt of them. Beſides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very fineſt things, delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to light by

much later pens*; and that the nobleſt diſcoveries thoſe ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending genius of the preſent age: which clearly ſhews how little merit thoſe ancients can juſtly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappineſs of converſing too little with preſent things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compaſs of human nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe ancients, highly ſenſible of their many imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured, from ſome paſſages in their works, to obviate, ſoften, or divert the cenſorious reader, by ſatire or panegyric upon the critics, in imitation of their maſters, the moderns. Now in the common places of both theſe†, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long courſe of uſeful ſtudy in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either, by a diligent peruſal of the moſt ancient writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt times. Here I found to my great ſurpriſe, that although they all entered, upon occaſion, into particular deſcriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I ſuppoſe, gave ground to ſuperficial readers, for urging the ſilence of authors, againſt the antiquity of the true critic; though the types are ſo appoſite, and the applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any reader of a modern eye and taſte could overlook them. I ſhall venture from a great number to produce a few, which I am very confident will put this queſtion beyond diſpute.

It well deſerves conſidering, that theſe ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the ſubject, have gene-

[* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.]

[† Satire and panegyric upon critics.]

rally

rally fixed upon the very ſame hieroglyph; varying only the ſtory, according to their affections or their wit. For, firſt, Pauſanius is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the inſtitution of critics; and that he can poſſibly mean no other than the true critic, is, I think, manifeſt enough from the following deſcription. He ſays*, "They were a race "of men, who delighted to nibble at the ſuperfluities "and excreſcences of books; which the learned at "length obſerving, took warning of their own accord, "to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the ſap-"leſs, and the overgrown branches from their works." But now all this he cunningly ſhades under the following allegory: "That the Nauplians in Argia learned "the art of pruning their vines, by obſerving, that "when an ASS had browſed upon one of them, it "throve the better, and bore fairer fruit." But Herodotus†, holding the very ſame hieroglyph, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt in *terminis*. He hath been ſo bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; tells us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that "in the weſtern part of Lybia there were ASSES "with HORNS." Upon which relation Cteſias ‡ yet refines, mentioning the very ſame animal about India, adding, "That whereas all other ASSES wanted a "Gall, theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that "part, that their fleſh was not to be eaten becauſe of "its extreme bitterneſs."

Now, the reaſon why thoſe ancient writers treated this ſubject only by types and figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open attacks againſt a party ſo potent and ſo terrible, as the critics of thoſe ages were; whoſe very voice was ſo dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the ſound: for ſo Herodotus tells us expreſsly in another place ‖,

[* *Lib.*—]
[† *Lib.* 4.]
[‡ *Vide excerpta ex eo apud* Photium.]
[‖ *Lib.* 4.]

" how a vaſt army of Scythians was put to flight in a " panic terror, by the braying of an ASS." From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from thoſe our Scythian anceſtors. In ſhort, this dread was ſo univerſal, that, in proceſs of time, thoſe authors who had a mind to publiſh their ſentiments more freely, in deſcribing the true critics of their ſeveral ages, were forced to leave off the uſe of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical. So Diodorus*, ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther than to ſay, That " in the " mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed, " which bears a flower of ſo damned a ſcent, as to " poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell it." Lucretius gives exactly the ſame relation:

Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem retro conſueta necare †. lib. 6.

But Cteſias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been uſed with much ſeverity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at leaſt one deep mark of his vengeance againſt the whole tribe. His meaning is ſo near the ſurface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a deſcription of many ſtrange animals about India, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable words. " Amongſt the " reſt, (ſays he,) there is a ſerpent that wants teeth, and " conſequently cannot bite; but if its vomit (to which " it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any thing, " a certain rottenneſs or corruption enſues. Theſe ſer- " pents are generally found among the mountains where

[* *Lib.*]

† Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grows trees, whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill.

" jewels

" jewels grow; and they frequently emit a poiſonous " juice; whereof whoever drinks, that perſon's brains " fly out of his noſtrils."

There was alſo among the ancients a ſort of critic, not diſtinguiſhed in ſpecie from the former, but in growth or degree, who ſeem to have been only the tyro's or junior ſcholars; yet, becauſe of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a ſect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger ſtudents was to attend conſtantly at theatres, and learn to ſpy out the worſt parts of the play; whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fluſhed at theſe ſmaller ſports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been obſerved, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which ſome naturaliſts inform us, is bad for ſuffocations, though taken but in the ſeed. I eſteem the invention, or at leaſt the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to theſe younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the inſtitution of the true critics was of abſolute neceſſity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions ſeem to be divided like Themiſtocles and his company: one man can fiddle, and another can make a ſmall town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtleſs given the firſt birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occaſion for their ſecret detractors to report, that a true critic is a ſort of mechanic, ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade, at as little

expence as a taylor; and that there is much analogy between the utenſils and abilities of both; that the taylor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the gooſe; that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to theſe invidious reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſhood; for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo before one can commence a true critic, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps, for a leſs purchaſe, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticiſm, and deſcribed the primitive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its ancient ſelf. A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been entirely loſt, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, ſay of critics, that "their writings are the mirrors of learning"* This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe; and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the book of critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders that the mirrors of the ancients were made of braſs, and *ſive Mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principle qualifications of a true modern critic; and, conſequently, muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For braſs is an emblem of duration; and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt reflexions from

[* A quotation, after the manner of a great author.—*Vide* Bentley's Diſſertation, &c.]

its

its own ſuperficies, without any aſſiſtance of Mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or eaſily deducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three maxims, which may ſerve both as characteriſtics to diſtinguiſh a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be alſo of admirable uſe to thoſe worthy ſpirits who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an art.

The firſt is, That criticiſm, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very firſt reſult of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the mark, if they ſtay not for a ſecond.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt writers; to which they are carried merely by inſtinct, as a rat to the beſt cheeſe, or a waſp to the faireſt fruit. So when the King is on horſeback, he is ſure to be the dirtieſt perſon of the company; and they that make their court beſt, are ſuch as beſpatter him moſt.

Laſtly, A true critic, in the peruſal of a book, is like a dog at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what the gueſts fling away, and conſequently is apt to ſnarl moſt when there are the feweſt bones.

Thus much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of addreſs to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my paſt ſilence, as well as that which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender uſage at their hands. Supported by which expectation I go on boldly to purſue thoſe adventures already begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and ſtudy, conducted the reader to a period where he muſt expect to hear of great revolutions. For, no ſooner had our learned brother, ſo often mentioned, got a warm houſe of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inſomuch that unleſs the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will pleaſe a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his port, his dreſs, and his mien, being ſo much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and conſequently his father's ſole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him Brother, but *Mr. Peter*: and then he muſt be ſtyled *Father Peter*; and ſometimes, *My Lord Peter*. —To ſupport this grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn projector and virtuoſo; wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous diſcoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at preſent in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the beſt account I have been able to collect of the chief amongſt them; without conſidering much the order they came out in; becauſe, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great uſefulneſs of the matter to the public, will amply deſerve that juſtice,) that the worthy members of the ſeveral academies abroad, eſpe-

cially thoſe of France and Italy, will favourably accept theſe humble offers for the advancement of univerſal knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt reverend fathers the eaſtern miſſionaries, that I have purely for their ſakes made uſe of ſuch words and phraſes, as will beſt admit an eaſy turn into any of the oriental languages, eſpecially the Chineſe. And ſo I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of earth is like to reap by my labours.

The firſt undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchaſe a large continent*, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *terra auſtralis incognita*. This track of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the diſcoverers themſelves, (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there); and then retailed it into ſeveral cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſtomers again, and again, and again, and again, with the ſame ſucceſs.

The ſecond project I ſhall mention, was his ſovereign remedy for the worms † eſpecially thoſe in the ſpleen. The patient was to eat nothing after ſupper for three nights‡. As ſoon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one ſide; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He muſt alſo duly confine his two eyes to the ſame object; and by no means break wind at

* That is purgatory.

† Penance and abſolution are played upon, under the notion of a ſovereign remedy for the worms, eſpecially in the ſpleen; which, by obſerving Peter's preſcription, would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain, &c.—W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as eaſy as the ſinner pleaſes, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

both ends together, without manifeſt occaſion. Theſe preſcriptions, diligently obſerved, the worms would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain.

A third invention was, the erecting of a whiſpering-office, * for the public good and eaſe of all ſuch as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic; as likewiſe of all eves-droppers, phyſicians, midwives, ſmall politicians, friends fallen-out, repeating poets, lovers, happy, or in deſpair, bawds, privy-counſellors, pages, paraſites, and buffoons; in ſhort, of all ſuch as are in danger of burſting with too much wind. An aſs's head was placed ſo conveniently that the party affected might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears; which he was to apply cloſe for a certain ſpace, and, by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, an office of inſurance, † for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, ſhadows, ——— ——— and rivers; that theſe, nor any of theſe, ſhall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly ſocieties may plainly find themſelves to be only tranſcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was alſo held the original author of puppets and raree-ſhews; ‡ the great uſefulneſs whereof be-

* By his whiſpering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, phyſicians, bawds, and privy-counſellors, he ridicules auricular confeſſion, aud the prieſt who takes it is deſcribed by the aſs's head.—W. Wotton.

† This I take to be the office of indulgences; the groſs abuſes whereof firſt gave occaſion for the reformation.

‡ I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous proceſſions, &c. among the Papiſts.

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ing ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another diſcovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal pickle*. For, having remarked how your common pickle†, in uſe among houſewives, was of no farther benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kind of vegetables; Peter, with great coſt, as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. Now this pickle, to the taſte, the ſmell, and the ſight, appeared exactly the ſame with what is in common ſervice for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great ſucceſs; but for its many ſovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlin-pimp‡, after which it never failed of ſucceſs. The operation was performed by *ſpargefaction*‖, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all ſpiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he ſhould be exempt from mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcalded heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he moſt valued a certain

* Holy water he calls, an univerſal pickle, to preſerve houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber.—W. Wotton.

† This is eaſily underſtood to be holy water, compoſed of the ſame ingredients with many other pickles.

‡ And becauſe holy water differs only in conſecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle, by the powder of pimperlin-pimp, receives new virtues, though it differs not in ſight nor ſmell, from the common pickles, which preſerves beef, and butter, and herrings. W. Wotton.

‖ Sprinkling.

ſet

ſet of bulls*, whoſe race was by great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe that guarded the golden fleece: though ſome, who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchos are recorded to have brazen feet. But whether it happened by ill paſture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from ſtolen intrigues; whether a weakneſs in their progenitors had impaired the ſeminal virtue, or by a decline neceſſary through a long courſe of time, the originals of nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful ages of the world: whatever was the cauſe, it is certain that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the ruſt of time in the metal of their feet, which was now ſunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that faculty of breathing out fire from their noſtrils; which notwithſtanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their uſual courſe of diet, which was of ſquibs and crackers†. However, they had two peculiar marks which extremely diſtinguiſhed them from the bulls of Jaſon, and which I have not met together in the deſcription of any other monſter, beſide that in Horace,

Varias inducere plumas; and
Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

* The Papal bulls are ridiculed by name; ſo that here we are at no loſs for the author's meaning. W. Wotton.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the Pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes; all ſigned with lead, and the ſeal of the fiſherman; and are therefore ſaid to have leaden feet and fiſhes tails.

† Theſe are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to thoſe princes who offend him.

For

For theſe had fiſhe's tails; yet, upon occaſion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put theſe bulls upon ſeveral employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a roaring, to frighten naughty boys *, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus ſenſibilis*, deriving itſelf through the whole family, from their noble anceſtors, guardians of the golden fleece; they continued ſo extremely fond of gold, that if Peter ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and ſpit, and belch, and piſs, and fart, and ſnivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In ſhort, whether by ſecret connivance, or encouragement from their maſter, or out of their own liquoriſh affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a ſort of ſturdy, ſwaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miſcarry, and children fall into fits; who, to this very day, uſually call ſpirits and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at laſt ſo very troubleſome to the neighbourhood, that ſome gentlemen of the north-weſt got a parcel of right Engliſh bull-dogs, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I muſt needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money: which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up and ſend, his Lordſhip would return a piece of paper in this form†.

* That is, kings who incur his diſpleaſure.

† This is a copy of a general pardon, ſigned *Servus Servorum*.

" To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jailors, Conſtables, Bai-
" liffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that
" A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you,
" under the ſentence of death; we will and command
" you, upon ſight hereof, to let the ſaid priſoner depart
" to his own habitation, whether he ſtands condemned
" for murder, ſodomy, rape, ſacrilege, inceſt, treaſon,
" blaſphemy, &c.; for which this ſhall be your ſuffi-
" cient warrant. And if you fail hereof, G—d—mn
" you and your's to all eternity. And ſo we bid you
" heartily farewel.

Your moſt humble
Man's Man,
EMPEROR PETER."

The wretches truſting to this, loſt their lives and money too.

I deſire of thoſe whom the learned among poſterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatiſe, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form raſh and haſty concluſions; eſpecially in ſome myſterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's ſake, which in the operation muſt be divided. And I am certain, that future ſons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *inuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt number: my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at

Ibid. Abſolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apoſtolicæ* are jeſted upon in Emperor Peter's letter. W. Wotton.

was

laſt it ſhook itſelf, and began to turn round for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride) he would call himſelf God Almighty*, and ſometimes monarch of the univerſe. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old high crowned hats†, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle‡, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand, in the way of ſalutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his foot ‖ ; and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick in the mouth ; which hath ever ſince been called a ſalute. Whoever walked by, without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time ; where his firſt *boutade* § was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too¶ ; and in their ſtead, gave orders to pick

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the Vicar of Chriſt, but by ſeveral divines is called God upon earth, and other blaſphemous titles.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. The Church here is taken for the gate of heaven ; for the keys of heaven are aſſumed by the Pope in conſequence of what our Lord ſaid to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."

Ibid. The Pope's univerſal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fiſher's ring. W. Wotton.

‖ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiſs his ſlipper eſcape reflexion. W. Wotton.

§ This word properly ſignifies a ſudden jerk, or laſh of an horſe, when you do not expect it.

¶ The celibacy of the Romiſh clergy is ſtruck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. W. Wotton.

up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after, he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.* Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef, (said the "sage magistrate,) is the king of meat: beef compre- "hends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, "and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and "custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread, (says he,) dear brothers, is the staff of "life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quin- "tessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, "plum pudding, and custard: and to render all com- "pleat, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, "whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; "through which means it becomes a wholesome fer- "mented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city-feast. "Come, brothers, (said Peter,) fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton:‖ or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My Lord, "(said he,) I doubt with great submission, there may

* The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

† Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too; which, in his way, (he calls,) palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton. W. Wotton.

be

" be ſome miſtake." What, (ſays Peter,) you are " pleaſant; come then, let us hear this jeſt your head " is ſo big with." " None in the world, my Lord; " but unleſs I am very much deceived, your Lordſhip " was pleaſed a while ago, to let fall a word about " mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it with all my " heart." " How, (ſaid Peter,) appearing in great " ſurpriſe, I do not comprehend this at all."—Upon which the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright, " My Lord, (ſaid he,) my brother I ſuppoſe is hungry, " and longs for the mutton your Lordſhip hath pro- " miſed us to dinner." " Pray, (ſaid Peter,) take me " along with you. Either you are both mad, or diſ- " poſed to be merrier than I approve of. If you there " do not like your piece, I will carve you another, " though I ſhould take that to be the choice bit of the " whole ſhoulder." What then, my Lord, (replied " the firſt,) it ſeems this is a ſhoulder of mutton all " this while." " Pray, Sir, (ſays Peter,) eat your " victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you " pleaſe; for I am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected ſerioufneſs of Peter's countenance. " By " G—, my Lord, (ſaid he,) I can only ſay, that to " my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and noſe, it ſeems " to be nothing but a cruſt of bread." Upon which the ſecond put in his word: " I never ſaw a piece of " mutton in my life, ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a " twelve penny loaf." " Look ye, Gentlemen, (cries " Peter in a rage,) to convince you, what a couple of " blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I " will uſe but this plain argument, By G—, it is true, " good, natural mutton as any in Leaden-hall market; " and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer " to believe otherwiſe." Such a thundering proof as this, left no further room for objection. The two un-believers began to gather and pocket up their miſtake as haſtily as they could. " Why, truely, (ſaid the firſt,)

" upon more mature conſideration" — Aye, ſays the " other, (interrupting him,) now I have thought bet- " ter on the thing, your Lordſhip ſeems to have a great " deal of reaſon." " Very well, (ſaid Peter.) Here " boy, fill me a beer-glaſs of claret; here's to you both " with all my heart." The two brethren much de- lighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid they would be glad to pledge his Lordſhip. " That you ſhall, (ſaid Peter.) " I am not a perſon to refuſe you any thing that is rea- " ſonable. Wine moderately taken, is a cordial. Here " is a glaſs a-piece for you; it is true natural juice " from the grape, none of your damned vintners brew- " ings." Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office, in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient pe- riod at Lord Peter, and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new diſpute, but let him carry the point as he pleaſed: for he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue or expoſtulate further, would only ſerve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have choſen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumſtances; becauſe it gave a principal occaſion to that great and famous rupture*, which happened about the ſame time among theſe brethren, and was never af- terwards made up. But of that I ſhall treat at large in another ſection.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive; and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow him- ſelf to be once in an error. Beſides, he had an abomi- nable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occa- ſions; and ſwearing not only to the truth, but curſing

* By this rupture is meant the reformation.

the

the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt ſcruple of believing him. One time he ſwore he had a cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour *. Another time he was telling of an old ſign-poſt † that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough on it to build ſixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chineſe waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over mountains: "Z—ds, (ſaid Peter,) where's the "wonder of that? By G—, I ſaw a large houſe of "lime and ſtone travel over ſea and land (granting that "it ſtopped ſometimes to bait) above two thouſand "German leagues ‡." And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By "G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; "and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe "me."

In ſhort, Peter grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to ſay, he was no better

* The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the Papiſts, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches W. Wotton.

† By this ſign-poſt is meant the croſs of our bleſſed Saviour; and if all the wood that is ſhewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would ſufficiently juſtify this ſarcaſm.

‡ The Chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of Popery. The Church of Rome intended by theſe things to gull ſilly, ſuperſtitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in ſlavery, but our anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that yoke. The Church of Rome therefore ought to be expoſed, and he deſerves well of mankind that does expoſe it W. Wotton.

Ibid. The Chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy-land to Italy.

than

than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him. But firſt they humbly deſired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Inſtead of granting this requeſt, he called them damned ſons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the reſt of the vile names he could muſter up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngſters watched their opportunity, made a ſhift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera**; by which they preſently ſaw how groſsly they had been abuſed; their father having left them equal heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got, ſhould lie in common among them all. Purſuant to which, their next enterpriſe was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to ſpirit and comfort their hearts†. In copying the will, they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance: upon which their next work was, to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives‡. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſolicitor from Newgate, deſiring Lord Peter would pleaſe to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to ſeek pardons from a fellow who deſerved to be hanged much better than his client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago; adviſing the ſolicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the King‖. In the midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels§; and

* Tranſlated the ſcriptures into the vulgar tongues.

† Adminiſtered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of prieſts.

‖ Directed penitents not to truſt to pardons and abſolutions procured for money; but ſent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remiſſion is to be obtained.

§ By Peter's dragoons, is meant the civil power, which thoſe princes who were bigotted to the Romiſh ſuperſtition, employed againſt the Reformers.

gathering

gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilities and curſes, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors*, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

WE whom the world is pleaſed to honour with the title of modern authors, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great deſign of an everlaſting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O Univerſe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy ſecretary.

———*Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, et, inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

To this end, I have ſome time ſince, with a world of pains and art, diſſected the carcaſs of human nature, and read many uſeful lectures upon the ſeveral parts, both containing and contained; till at laſt it ſmelt ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due ſymmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a very compleat anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digreſs farther in the midſt of a digreſſion, as I have known ſome authors incloſe digreſſions in one another, like a neſt of boxes; I do affirm, that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important diſcovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, inſtruction and diverſion. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral readings, (which perhaps the world may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any friend to

* The Pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the church.

ſteal

ſteal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than inſtructed; his epidemical diſeaſes being *faſtidioſity*, *amorphy*, and *oſcitation*; whereas in the preſent univerſal empire of wit and learning, there ſeems but little matter left for inſtruction. However, in compliance with a leſſon of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatiſe, have ſkilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

When I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious moderns have eclipſed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all faſhionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town wits *, of moſt refined accompliſhments, are in grave diſpute, whether there have been ever any ancients or no; in which point we are like to receive wonderful ſatisfaction from the moſt uſeful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. B—tley: I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an univerſal ſyſtem in a ſmall portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practiſed in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an enterprize was thought on ſome time ago by a great philoſopher of O. Brazil†. The method he propoſed, was by a certain curious receipt, a noſtrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out

* The learned perſon here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many ancient writers, that until he is pleaſed to ſtop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

† This is an imaginary iſland, of kin to that which is called the Painters wives, iſland, placed in ſome unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

of

of my great affection to the modern learned, preſent them with it; not doubting it may one day encourage ſome worthy undertaker.

" You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-" ſkin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies " of arts and ſciences whatſoever, and in what lan-" guage you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil *in balneo Mariæ* in-" fuſing quinteſſence of popy q.ſ. together with three pints " of *lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanſe " away carefully the *ſordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting " all that is volatile evaporate. You preſerve only the " firſt running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen " times, till what remains will amount to about two " drams. This you keep in a glaſs vial hermetically " ſealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your " catholic treatiſe, taking every morning faſting (firſt " ſhaking the vial) three drops of this *elixir*, ſnuffing " it ſtrongly up your noſe. It will dilate itſelf about " the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, " and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite " number of abſtracts, ſummaries, compendiums, ex-" tracts, collections, *medulla's*, *excerpta quædam's*, *flori-" lega's*, and the like, all diſpoſed into great order, and " reducible upon paper."

I muſt needs own, it was by the aſſiſtance of this *arcanum* that I, though otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author, called Homer; in whom, though otherwiſe a perſon not without ſome abilities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have diſcovered many groſs errors, which are not to be forgiven his very aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For, whereas we are aſſured, he deſigned his work for a compleat body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic*; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For,

[* *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus eſt.* Xenoph. in conviv.]

firſt

firſt of all, as eminent a *cabaliſt* as his diſciples would repreſent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia theomagica* +. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *ſphæra pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit ſo ſevere a cenſure, *vix credrem autorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem.* His failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmoſt application uſual among modern wits, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt direction about the ſtructure of that uſeful inſtrument, a ſave-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have ſtill behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his groſs ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as diſcipline of the church of England‡: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. W—tt—n, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatiſe of ancient and modern learning: a book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great uſefulneſs of his ſublime diſcoveries upon the ſubject of flies and ſpittle, or the laborious eloquence of his ſtyle. And I cannot forbear doing that author the juſtice of my public acknowledgements, for the great helps and liftings I had out of this incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatiſe.

+ A treatiſe written about fifty years ago by a Welch Gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember was Vaughan, as appears by the anſwer to it, written by the learned Dr. Henry More. It is a piece of the moſt unintelligible fuſtian that perhaps was ever publiſhed in any language.

‡ Mr. W-tt-n, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his compariſon of ancient and modern learning, numbers, divinity, law, &c. among thoſe parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

But,

But, beſides theſe omiſſions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received ſuch wonderful acquirements ſince his age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in modern diſcoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compaſs, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood. But I challenge any of his admirers, to ſhew me in all his writings a compleat account of the ſpleen. Does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long diſſertation upon tea? And as to his method of ſalivation without mercury, ſo much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to ſupply ſuch momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long ſolicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the judicious reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of uſe upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all that human imagination can riſe or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the peruſal of the learned, certain diſcoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention among a great many more, My new help of ſmatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and ſhallow-read;—A curious invention about mouſe-traps;—An univerſal rule of Reaſon: or, Every man his own carver; together with a moſt uſeful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the ſeveral parts of this diſcourſe.

I hold myſelf obliged to give as much light as is poſſible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; becauſe it is become the faſhion and humour moſt applauded among the firſt authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of

critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Beſides, there have been ſeveral famous pieces lately publiſhed, both in verſe and proſe, wherein, if the writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the ſublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this occaſion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which uſually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the laſt writer; I claim an abſolute authority in right, as the freſheſt modern, which gives me a deſpotic power over all authors before me. In the ſtrength of which title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious cuſtom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiſcretion in monſter-mongers, and other retailers of ſtrange ſights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath. This hath ſaved me many a three-pence; for my curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his laſt moving and ſtanding piece of rhetoric, "Sir, upon my word, we "are juſt going to begin." Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of Prefaces, Epiſtles, Advertiſements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, Apparatus's, To the Readers. This expedient was admirable at firſt. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible ſucceſs. He hath often ſaid to me in confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo: however, I much fear, his inſtructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiſer in certain points, where he never intended they ſhould: for it is

lamentable

lamentable to behold with what a lazy ſcorn many of the yawning readers in our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the uſual modern ſtint), as if it were ſo much Latin. Though it muſt be alſo allowed, on the other hand, that a very conſiderable number are known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing elſe. Into which two factions, I think, all preſent readers may juſtly be divided. Now, for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former ſort: and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and diſplay the bright parts of my diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a ſkilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgement to an eſtabliſhed cuſtom of our neweſt authors, by a long digreſſion unſought for, and an univerſal cenſure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other mens' defaults, with great juſtice to myſelf, and candour to them; I now happily reſume my ſubject, to the infinite ſatisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren: both for ever diſcarded from his houſe, and reſigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are circumſtances that render them proper ſubjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; ſcenes of miſery ever affording the faireſt harveſt for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is obſerved

ſerved to adhere cloſe in proſperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop ſuddenly off: whereas the generous author, juſt on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual ſteps raiſes him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble houſe, given him a title to wear, and money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him for ſome time; returning where common charity directs me, to the aſſiſtance of his two brothers, at their loweſt ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my character of an hiſtorian, to follow the truth, ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, ſo nearly united in fortune and intereſt, took a lodging together; where, at their firſt leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs misfortunes and vexations of their life paſt; and could not tell, on the ſudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm reſolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future meaſures to the ſtricteſt obedience preſcribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the peruſal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never ſeen a wider difference between two things! horrible, downright tranſgreſſions of every point. Upon which they both reſolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to ſtop the haſty reader, ever impatient to ſee the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two brothers began to be diſtinguiſhed at this time, by certain names. One of them deſired to be called MARTIN,

TIN*, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. These two had lived in much friendſhip and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-ſufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the ſame. But when they came forward into the world, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the preſent poſture of their affairs gave them ſudden opportunity to diſcover.

But here the ſevere reader may juſtly tax me as a writer of ſhort memory; a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of neceſſity be a little ſubject; becauſe memory, being an employment of the mind upon things paſt, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illuſtrious age have no manner of occaſion, who deal entirely with invention, and ſtrike all things out of themſelves, or at leaſt by colliſion, from each other: upon which account, we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great forgetfulneſs, as an argument unanſwerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infuſed into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in faſhion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the moſt antic you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be ſeen, but an infinite quantity of lace and ribbands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; (I mean, only thoſe tagged with ſilver‡, for the reſt fell off.) Now this material circumſtance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune

* *Martin Luther.*

† *John Calvin.*

‡ Points tagged with ſilver, are thoſe doctrines that promote the greatneſs and wealth of the church; which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the body of Popery.

hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are juſt going to reform their veſtures into the primitive ſtate, preſcribed by their father's will.

They both unanimouſly entered upon this great work, looking ſometimes on their coats, and ſometimes on the will. Martin laying the firſt hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and with a ſecond pull, ſtript away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the firſt heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the work; having already very narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with ſilver, (as we have obſerved before), the judicious workman had with much ſagacity double ſewn, to preſerve them from falling. Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the ſtitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: theſe, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded the wiſeſt courſe was, to let it remain; reſolving in no caſe whatſoever, that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould ſuffer injury; which he thought the beſt method for ſerving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the neareſt account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whoſe adventures will be ſo extraordinary, as to furniſh a great part in the remainder of

of this diſcourſe, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different ſpirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and ſpite, which had a much greater ſhare of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; ſince theſe appeared at beſt only ſecondary and ſubſervient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a ſhift to find a very plauſible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the moſt ſignificant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical diſcourſe upon that ſubject; wherein I have deduced a hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logical account of zeal, ſhewing how it firſt proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence, in a hot ſummer, ripened into a tangible ſubſtance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I deſign very ſhortly to publiſh, by the modern way of ſubſcription; not doubting but the Nobility and Gentry of the land will give me all poſſible encouragement, having had already ſuch a taſte of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the deſpondency of Martin, prefaced his reſolutions to this purpoſe. "What, (ſaid he), a rogue that locked up his "drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our for-"tunes, palmed his damned crufts upon us for mut-"ton, and at laſt kicked us out of doors; muſt we be in "his faſhions with a pox! a raſcal, beſides, that all the "ſtreet cries out againſt." Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf as high as poſſible, and by conſequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he ſet about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more diſpatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to underſtand, that zeal is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himſelf, allowed it at this time its full ſwing. Thus it happened

pened, that ſtripping down a parcel of gold-lace, a little too haſtily, he rent the main body of his coat, from top to bottom, and whereas his talent was not of the happieſt in taking up a ſtitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with packthread and a ſkewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumſy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal beholding millions of ſtitches, that required the niceſt hand, and ſedateſt conſtitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel; and furiouſly thus continuing his career, "Ah, "good brother Martin, (ſaid he,) do as I do, for the "love of God! ſtrip, tear, pull, rent, flay off all, that we "may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is poſſible. "I would not for an hundred pounds carry the leaſt "mark about me, that might give occaſion to the neigh-"bours, of ſuſpecting I was related to ſuch a raſcal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and ſedate, "begged his brother of all love, "not to damage his coat by any means; for he never "would get ſuch another: deſired him to conſider, that "it was not their buſineſs to form their actions by any "reflection upon Peter's, but by obſerving the rules "preſcribed in their father's will; that he ſhould re-"member Peter was ſtill their brother, whatever faults "or injuries he had committed; and therefore they ſhould "by all means avoid ſuch a thought, as that of taking "meaſures for good and evil, from no other rule than of "oppoſition to him: that it was true the teſtament of "their good father was very exact in what related to the "wearing of their coats; yet was it no leſs penal and "ſtrict in preſcribing agreement, and friendſhip, and "affection between them; and therefore, if ſtraining a "point were at all diſpenſible, it would certainly be ſo, "rather to the advance of unity, than increaſe of con-"tradiction."

Martin had ſtill proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtleſs would have delivered an admirable lecture

of

of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repoſe both of body and mind, (the true ultimate end of ethics); but Jack was already gone a flight-ſhot beyond his patience. And as, in ſcholaſtic diſputes, nothing ſerves to rouſe the ſpleen of him that oppoſes, ſo much as a kind of pedantic affected calmneſs in the reſpondent; diſputants being for the moſt part like unequal ſcales, where the gravity of one ſide advances the lightneſs of the other, and cauſes it to fly up, and kick the beam: ſo it happened here, that the weight of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and ſpurn againſt his brother's moderation. In ſhort, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage. But that which moſt afflicted him, was, to obſerve his brother's coat ſo well reduced into the ſtate of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his ſhirt; or thoſe places, which had eſcaped his cruel clutches, were ſtill in Peter's livery: ſo that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies: or like a freſh tenant of Newgate, when he has refuſed the payment of garniſh; or like a diſcovered ſhoplifter, left to the mercy of exchange-women*; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of theſe, a medley of rags and lace, and rents and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to ſee his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely more glad to find that of Martin's in the ſame predicament with his. However, ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole buſineſs another turn, and to dreſs up neceſſity into a virtue. Therefore, after

* The galleries over the piazzas in the royal-exchange were formerly filled with ſhops, kept chiefly by women; the ſame uſe was made of a building called the new exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down, the ſhopkeepers have removed from the Royal-Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent ſtreets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women but in Exeter-change, and they are no longer deemed the firſt miniſters of faſhion.

as many of the fox's* arguments as he could muſter up, for bringing Martin to reaſon, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, hobtailed condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of ſcurrilities againſt his brother, to run mad with ſpleen, and ſpite, and contradiction! To be ſhort, here began a mortal breach between theſe two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a ſhort time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddeſt whimſies that ever a ſick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the ſtreets began to ſalute him with ſeveral names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald†; ſometimes, Jack with a lanthorn‡; ſometimes, Dutch Jack§; ſometimes French Hugh‖; ſometimes Tom the Beggar¶; and ſometimes, Knocking Jack of the North **. And it was under one, or ſome, or all of theſe appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given riſe to the moſt illuſtrious and epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, who, with honourable commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whoſe original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

———*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and loſt his tail, uſed many arguments to perſuade the reſt to cut off their's, that the ſingularity of his deformity might not expoſe him to deriſion.

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All thoſe who pretend to inward light.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave riſe to the Anabaptiſts.

‖ The Hugonots.

¶ The *Guiuſes*, by which name ſome Proteſtants in Flanders were called.

** John Knox the reformer of Scotland.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE ſometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-ſhell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener ſeen a nut-ſhell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received moſt wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmoſt enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digreſſions: the late refinements of knowledge running parallel to thoſe of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taſte, are dreſſed up in various compounds, conſiſting in *ſoups* and *olio's*, *fricaſſees* and *ragouſts*.

It is true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite innovations. And as to the ſimilitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are ſo bold to pronounce the example itſelf, a corruption and degeneracy of taſte. They tell us, that the faſhion of jumbling fifty things together in a diſh, was at firſt introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy conſtitution; and to ſee a man hunting through an *olio*, after the head and brains of a gooſe, a wigeon or a wood-cock, is a ſign he wants a ſtomach and digeſtion for more ſubſtantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digreſſions in a book are like foreign troops in a ſtate, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own; and often either ſubdue the natives, or drive them into the moſt unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious cenſors, it is manifeſt, the ſociety of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpoſe.

purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the caſe the ſame among us, as with the Greeks and Roman, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and cloathed by invention; it would be an eaſy taſk to fill up volumes upon particular occaſions, without farther expatiating from the ſubject, than by moderate excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main deſign. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itſelf by the product of the ſoil it is on; till proviſions being ſpent, they ſend to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no ſuſtenance but clouds of duſt.

The whole courſe of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wiſely ſenſible of it; we of this age have diſcovered a ſhorter, and more prudent method, to become ſcholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The moſt accompliſhed way of uſing books at preſent, is twofold: either, firſt, to ſerve them as ſome men do Lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and the politer method, to get a thorough inſight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fiſhes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haſte and little ceremony are content to get in by the back-door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus phyſicians diſcover the ſtate of the whole body, by conſulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the poſteriors of a book, as boys do ſparrows with flinging ſalt upon their tails. Thus human life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the ſciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing

tracing them backwards. Thus are old ſciences unravelled like old ſtockings, by beginning at the foot.

Beſides all this, the army of the ſciences hath been of late, with a world of martial diſcipline, drawn into its cloſe order; ſo that a view or a muſter may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great bleſſing we are wholly indebted to ſyſtems and abſtracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent uſurers, ſpent their ſweat for the eaſe of us their children. For labour is the ſeed of idleneſs, and it is the peculiar happineſs of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wiſe, learned and ſublime, having become ſo regular an affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its forms; the numbers of writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of abſolute neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this preſent a ſufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furniſh and adorn any one particular ſubject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very ſkilful computer, who hath given a full demonſtration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected againſt by thoſe who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any ſpecies of it can be exhauſted. For anſwer to which, let us examine the nobleſt branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent age, and which of all others hath borne the moſt, and the faireſt fruit. For though ſome remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated, or compiled into ſyſtems for modern uſe. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in ſome ſort been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the ſame hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing ſimilitudes, alluſions, and applications, very ſurpriſing, agreeable, and appoſite, from the *pudenda* of either ſex, together with their proper

uſes. And truly, having obſerved how little invention bears any vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe channels, I have ſometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical deſcription of the Indian pygmies; whoſe ſtature did not exceed above two foot; *ſed quorum pudenda eraſſa, et, ad talos uſque pertingentia**. Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled ſo freely, and all endeavours have been uſed in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, who had a cuſtom, and an inſtrument to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk†: yet I am under an apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all recovery; and that either ſome new *fonde* of wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe that we muſt e'en be content with repetition here as well as upon all other occaſions.

This will ſtand as an inconteſtable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a conſtant ſupply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt recourſe muſt be had to large indexes, and little Compendiums? Quotations muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little conſulted, yet critics and commentators and lexicons, carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers and *obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by ſome called the *ſieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they deal in pearls or meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which paſſed through, or what ſtaid behind.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt

[* *Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.*]
[† *Herodot. l. 4.*]

and

and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full? And if you will bate him but the circumſtances of method, and ſtyle, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely figure on a bookſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library; but when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to aſcend the ſky.

Without theſe allowances, how is it poſſible we modern wits ſhould ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, lifted under ſo many thouſand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as inſtruction, and we ourſelves buried beyond redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed oblivion.

From ſuch elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the field: A happineſs derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian anceſtors; among whom the number of pens was ſo infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, That in the regions far to the north it was hardly poſſible for a man to travel, the very air was ſo replete with feathers*.

The neceſſity of this digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the length; and I have choſen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return with great alacrity to purſue a more important concern.

[* *Herodot. l.* 4.]

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æoliſts * maintain the original cauſe of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, ſhould one day blow it out.

Quid procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* underſtand by their *anima mundi*; that is to ſay, the ſpirit, or breath, or wind of the world. For examine the whole ſyſtem by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For, whether you pleaſe to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *ſpiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all theſe but ſeveral appellations for wind? which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all reſolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itſelf, but as it is commonly called, the breath of our noſtrils? Whence it is very juſtly obſerved by naturaliſts that wind ſtill continues of great emolument in certain myſteries not to be named, giving occaſion for thoſe happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compaſs of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, That ſince wind had the maſter-ſhare, as well as operation in every compound, by conſequence, thoſe beings muſt be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore man is

* All pretenders to inſpiration whatſoever.

in

in the higheſt perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct *anima's* or winds, to which the ſage Æoliſts, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal neceſſity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occaſion to that renowned *Cabaliſt*, *Bumbaſtus**, of placing the body of man in due poſition to the four cardinal points.

In conſequence of this, their next principle was, That man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This quinteſſence is of catholic uſe upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and ſciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a buſhel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon theſe reaſons, and others of equal weight, the wiſe *Æoliſts* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the nobleſt act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more ſerviceable to mankind, they made uſe of ſeveral methods. At certain ſeaſons of the year, you might behold the prieſts amongſt them in vaſt numbers, with their mouths gaping wide againſt a ſtorm†. At other times were to be ſeen ſeveral hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the ſhape and ſize of a tun; and for that reaſon, with great propriety of ſpeech did uſually call their bodies their veſſels. When, by theſe, and the like performances, they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart and diſimbogue, for the public good, a plentiful ſhare of their acquirements into

* This is one of the names of *Paracelſus*. He was called, *Chriſtophorus*, *Theophraſtus*, *Paracelſus*, *Bumbaſtus*.

† This is meant of theſe factitious preachers who blow up the ſeeds of rebellion, &c.

their diſciples chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame principle: Becauſe, firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſſed, that learning puffeth men up: and, ſecondly, they proved it by the following ſyllogiſm: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reaſon, the philoſophers among them did, in their ſchools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety.

But the great characteriſtic by which their chief ſages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain poſition of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the ſpirit agitated the inward mafs. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours iſſuing forth; having firſt, by their turbulence and convulſions within, cauſed an earthquake in man's little world; diſtorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo. At which junctures, all their belches were received for ſacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite conſolation by their meagre devotees. And to render theſe yet more compleat; becauſe the breath of man's life is in his noſtrils, therefore the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening belches were very wiſely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they paſſed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worſhipped, as the ſpirits that pervade and enliven the univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all inſpiration can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the chief of theſe, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in Greece had likewiſe in the higheſt reverence: *Omnium decorum Boream maxime celebrant*†. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was

* *Latria* is that worſhip which is paid to the Supreme Being.

† *Pauſan l.* 8.

yet

yet ſuppoſed by the profounder *Æoliſts* to poſſeſs one peculiar habitation, or (to ſpeak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called κοῖλα, or the land of darkneſs. And although many controverſies have ariſen upon that matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that from a region of the like denomination the moſt refined *Æoliſts* have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their prieſthood have brought over their choiceſt inſpiration; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain bladders, and diſploding it among the ſectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will daily gaſp and pant after it.

Now, their myſteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoſos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preſerving winds in caſks or barrels, which was of great aſſiſtance upon long ſea-voyages; and the loſs of ſo uſeful an art at preſent is very much to be lamented, though, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by *Pancirollus* *. It was an invention aſcribed to Æolus himſelf, from whom this ſect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preſerved great numbers of thoſe barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, firſt beating out the top. Into this barrel, upon ſolemn days, the prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the methods already deſcribed, a ſecret funnel is alſo conveyed from his poſteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new ſupplies of inſpiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him ſwell immediately to the ſhape and ſize of his veſſel. In this poſture he diſembogues whole tempeſts upon his auditory, as the ſpirit from beneath gives him utterance; which iſſuing *ex adytis* and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much

* An author who writ *de Artibus Perditis*, &c. of arts loſt, and of arts invented.

pain

pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the ſea; firſt blackening, then wrinkling, and at laſt burſting it into a foam*. It is in this guiſe the ſacred Æoliſt delivers his oracular belches to his panting diſciples; of whom ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praiſes of the winds; and gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft breezes of their deities appeaſed.

It is from this cuſtom of the prieſts, that ſome authors maintain theſe Æoliſts to have been very ancient in the world; becauſe the delivery of their myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other ancient oracles, whoſe inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous effluvia of wind, delivered with the ſame pain to the prieſt, and much about the ſame influence on the people. It is true indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whoſe organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the admiſſion of thoſe oracular guſts, as entering and paſſing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and cauſing alſo a pruriency by the way, ſuch as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal, into a ſpiritual ecſtaſy. And to ſtrengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther inſiſted that this cuſtom of female† prieſts is kept up ſtill in certain refined colleges of our modern Æoliſts, who are agreed to receive their inſpiration, derived through the receptacle aforeſaid, like their anceſtors the Sibyls.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the ſpur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extremes of nigh and low, of good and evil; his firſt flight of fancy commonly tranſports him to ideas of what is moſt perfect, finiſhed, and ex-

* This is an exact deſcription of the changes made in the face by enthuſiaſtic preachers.

† Quakers, who ſuffer their women to preach and pray.

alted; till having ſoared out of his own reach and ſight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the ſame courſe and wing he falls down plum into the loweſt bottom of things; like one who travels the eaſt into the weſt, or like a ſtrait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furniſhing every bright idea with its reverſe; or whether reaſon, reflecting upon the ſum of things, can, like the ſun, ſerve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by neceſſity, under ſhade and darkneſs; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is higheſt and beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradiſe, to the ground; or whether, after all theſe metaphyſical conjectures, I have not entirely miſſed the true reaſon; the propoſition, however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much circumſtance, is altogether true, that, as the moſt uncivilized parts of mankind have ſome way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or ſupreme power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghaſtly notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding ſeems to be natural enough: for it is with men whoſe imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame rate as with thoſe whoſe bodies are ſo; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal proſpect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the uſual method of mankind, to ſingle out ſome being, either in act or in viſion, which was in moſt antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus alſo the ſect of Æoliſts poſſeſſed themſelves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe was the camelion*, ſworn foe to inſpiration, who,

* I do not well underſtand what the author aims at here, any

in ſcorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the ſmalleſt blaſt by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monſter, called *Moulinvanet*, who with four ſtrong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterouſly turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with intereſt.

Thus furniſhed and ſet out with gods as well as devils, was the renowned ſect of *Æoliſts*; which makes at this day ſo illuſtrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are beyond all doubt a moſt authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injuſtice, here omit to make honourable mention; ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied in point of intereſt, as well as inclinations, with their brother *Æoliſts* among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholeſale from the ſame merchants, but alſo to retail them after the ſame rate and method, and to cuſtomers much alike.

Now, whether the ſyſtem here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as ſome writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations ſuited to times and circumſtances; I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at leaſt a new turn, and formed it into the ſame dreſs and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long ſought after this opportunity of doing juſtice to a ſociety of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whoſe opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adverſaries. For I think it one of the greateſt and beſt of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their trueſt and faireſt light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beſide the conſcience, the honour, and the thanks.

any more than by the terrible monſter mentioned in the following lines, called Moulinavent, which is the French word for a windmill.

SECT.

SECT IX.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

NOR ſhall it any wiſe detract from the juſt reputation of this famous ſect, that its riſe and inſtitution are owing to ſuch an author as I have deſcribed Jack to be; a perſon whoſe intellectuals were overturned, and his brain ſhaken out of its natural poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a diſtemper, and call by the name of madneſs or phrenzy. For, if we take a ſurvey of the greateſt actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of ſingle men; which are, the eſtabliſhment of new empires by conqueſt; the advance and progreſs of new ſchemes in philoſophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions; we ſhall find the authors of them all to have been perſons whoſe natural reaſon hath admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of ſome certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Beſides, there is ſomething individual in human minds, that eaſily kindles at the accidental approach and colliſion of certain circumſtances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by ſtrong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper ſeaſons. And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furniſhed like the middle region of the air: the materials are formed from cauſes of the wideſt difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame ſubſtance and effect. Miſts ariſe from the earth, ſteams from dunghills, exhalations from the ſea, and ſmoke from fire; yet all clouds are the ſame in compoſition, as well as conſequences; and the fumes iſſuing from a jakes, will furniſh as comely and uſeful a vapour, as incenſe from

from an altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcaſt and diſturbed; ſo human underſtanding, ſeated in the brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by vapours aſcending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although theſe vapours (as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various original as thoſe of the ſkies; yet the crop they produce, differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the ſoil. I will produce two inſtances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince * raiſed a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treaſures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the leaſt part of his deſign to his greateſt miniſters, or his neareſt favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the ſtorm would burſt; the ſmall politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a ſcheme for univerſal monarchy: others, after much inſight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and ſetting up the Reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper ſagacity, ſent him into Aſia, to ſubdue the Turk, and recover Paleſtine. In the midſt of all theſe projects and preparations, a certain ſtate ſurgeon †, gathering the nature of the diſeaſe by theſe ſymptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its riſe, which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze! what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring, could put into motion ſo wonderful an en-

* This was Henry the Great of France.

† Ravillac, who ſtabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

gine?

gine; It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an abſent female, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and, before emiſſion, ſhe was removed into an enemy's country. What ſhould an unhappy prince do in ſuch ticklish circumſtances as theſe? He tried in vain the poets never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*: for,

Idque petit corpus mens unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire. Lucr.

Having to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the ſemen, raiſed and enflamed, became a duſt, converted to choler, turned head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the brain. The very ſame principle, that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories;

——*Cunnus teterrimi belli*
——*Cauſa.*

The other inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty King *, who, for the ſpace of above thirty years, amuſed himſelf to take and loſe towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre ſubject and ſtranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philoſophers of each country were in grave diſpute upon cauſes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original ſolution of this *phænomenon*. At laſt the vapour or ſpirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, ſeized upon that region of human body, ſo renowned for furniſhing the *zibeta occidentalis*†, and gathering there into a tumor, left the reſt of the world for that time in peace.

* This is meant of the French King, Louis XIV.

† Paracelſus, who was ſo famous for chymiſtry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of

Of ſuch mighty conſequence it is, where thoſe exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame ſpirits which, in their ſuperior progreſs, would conquer a kingdom, deſcending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fiſtula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new ſchemes in philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find from what faculty of the ſoul the diſpoſition ariſes in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new ſyſtems with ſuch an eager zeal in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known; from what ſeeds this diſpoſition ſprings, and to what quality of human nature theſe grand innovators have been indebted for their number of diſciples; becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were uſually miſtaken by their adverſaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been perſons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common courſe of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reaſon; agreeing, for the moſt part, in their ſeveral models, with their preſent undoubted ſucceſſors in the academy of Modern Bedlam; (whoſe merits and principles I ſhall further examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelſus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied faſt and ſeparate from their followers would, in this our undiſtinguiſhing age, incur manifeſt danger of phlebotomy and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and ſtraw. For what man, in the natural ſtate or courſe of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the ſame length and breadth, and height, of his own? Yet this is the firſt humble and civil deſign of all inno-

it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or weſtern civet, the back parts of man (according to its diviſion mentioned by the author, p. 95.) being the Weſt.

vators

vators in the empire of reaſon. Epicurus modeſtly hoped, that one time or other, a certain *fortuitous* concourſe of all mens opinions, after perpetual juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the ſquare, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as theſe did in the originals of all things. Carteſius reckoned to ſee before he died, the ſentiments of all philoſophers, like ſo many leſſer ſtars in his romantic ſyſtem, wrapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch imaginations as theſe in particular men, without recourſe to my *phænomenon* of vapours, aſcending from the lower faculties to overſhadow the brain, and their diſtilling into conceptions, for which the narrowneſs of our mother-tongue has not yet aſſigned any other name beſides that of madneſs or phrenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great preſcribers do ever fail providing themſelves and their notions with a number of implicit diſciples. And I think the reaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned: for there is a peculiar ſtring in the harmony of human underſtanding, which in ſeveral individuals is exactly of the ſame meaning. This if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame pitch, they will, by a ſecret neceſſary ſympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ſame time. And in this one circumſtance lies all the ſkill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the ſtring among thoſe who are either above or below your own height; inſtead of ſubſcribing to your doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the niceſt conduct, to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble talent, with reſpect to the differences of perſons and of times. Cicero underſtood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen, who, it ſeems, in thoſe days, were as arrant raſcals as they are now, has

theſe remarkable words: *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere**. For, to ſpeak a bold truth, it is a fatal miſcarriage, ſo ill to order affairs, as to paſs for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philoſopher. Which I deſire ſome certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *inuendo*.

This indeed was the fatal miſtake of that worthy Gentleman, my moſt ingenious friend, Mr. W-tt-n, a perſon, in appearance ordained for great deſigns, as well as performances, whether you will conſider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh! had thoſe happy talents, miſapplied to vain philoſophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and viſions, where diſtortion of mind and countenance are of ſuch ſovereign uſe, the baſe detracting world would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky ſhake; which even his brother moderniſts themſelves, like ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Laſtly, Whoſoever pleaſes to look into the fountains of enthuſiaſm, from whence in all ages, have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening ſtreams, will find the ſpring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current.

Of ſuch great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madneſs, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of thoſe two great bleſſings, conqueſts and ſyſtems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the ſame belief in things inviſible. Now, the former poſtulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it ſtrikes, and ſpreads over the underſtanding, or upon what ſpecies of brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the

[* *Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.*]

feather,

feather, and divide the ſeveral reaſons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of ſo vaſt a difference from the ſame vapour, as to be the ſole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monſieur Des Cartes. The preſent argument is the moſt abſtracted that ever I engaged in: it ſtrains my faculties to their higheſt ſtretch: and I deſire the reader to attend with utmoſt perpenſity; for now I proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain * * *

ſtubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets aſtride on his reaſon, when imagination is at cuffs with the ſenſes, and common underſtanding, as well as common ſenſe, is kicked out of doors, the firſt proſelyte he makes, is himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed, the difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong deluſion always operating from without as vigorouſly as from within. For cant and viſion are to the ear and the eye the ſame that tickling is to the touch. Thoſe entertainments and pleaſures we moſt value in life, are ſuch as dupe and play the wag with the ſenſes. For if we take an examination of what is generally underſtood by happineſs, as it has reſpect either to the underſtanding or the ſenſes, we ſhall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this ſhort definition. That it is a perpetual poſſeſſion of being well deceived. And, firſt, with relation to the mind or underſtanding, it is manifeſt what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: and the reaſon is juſt at our elbow; becauſe imagination can build nobler ſcenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furniſh. Nor is mankind ſo much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we conſider that the debate merely lies between things paſt, and things conceived. And ſo the queſtion is only this: Whether things that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be ſaid to exiſt, as thoſe that are ſeated in the memory? Which may be juſtly held in the affirmative: and very much to the advantage of the former; ſince this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happineſs, and examine it with reference to the ſenſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all objects accoſt us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of deluſion! How ſhrunk is every thing as it appears in the glaſs of nature! So that, if it were not the aſſiſtance of artificial mediums, falſe lights, refracted angles, varniſh, and tinſel, there would be a mighty level in the

felicity

ſelicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the world, as I have a certain reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wiſdom, the art of expoſing weak ſides, and publiſhing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of unmaſking; which I think has never been allowed fair uſage, either in the world or the playhouſe.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful poſſeſſion of the mind than curioſity, ſo far preferable is that wiſdom which converſes about the ſurface, to that pretended philoſophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two ſenſes to which all objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the ſight and the touch. Theſe never examine farther than the colour, the ſhape, the ſize, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reaſon officiouſly, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite through. Now, I take all this to the laſt degree of perverting nature; one of whoſe eternal laws it is, to put her beſt furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the charges of all ſuch expenſive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that, in ſuch concluſions as theſe, reaſon is certainly in the right; and that in moſt corporeal beings which have fallen under my cogniſance, the outſide hath been infinitely preferable to the in. Whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late experiments. Laſt week I ſaw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the carcaſe of a beau to be ſtript in my preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected faults under one ſuit of cloaths. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his ſpleen. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that

that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I juſtly formed this concluſion to myſelf, That whatever philoſopher or projector can find out an art to ſolder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deſerve much better of mankind, and teach us a more uſeful ſcience, than that ſo much in preſent eſteem, of widening and expoſing them, (like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of phyſic). And he whoſe fortunes and diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient ſtation to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his ſenſes from the ſuperficies of things; ſuch a man, truly wiſe, creams off nature, leaving the ſour and the dregs for philoſophy and reaſon to lap up. This is the ſublime and refined point of felicity, called the poſſeſſion of being well deceived; the ſerene peaceful ſtate of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madneſs: It is certain, that, according to the ſyſtem I have above deduced, every ſpecies thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as ſome kinds of phrenzy give double ſtrength to the ſinews, ſo there are other ſpecies, which add vigour, and life, and ſpirit, to the brain. Now, it uſually happens, that theſe active ſpirits, getting poſſeſſion of the brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſte and empty dwellings, which, for want of buſineſs, either vaniſh, and carry away a piece of the houſe, or elſe ſtay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed the two principle branches of madneſs; and which ſome philoſophers, not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtook to be different in their cauſes; over haſtily aſſigning the firſt to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of ſkill and addreſs, is, to furniſh employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjuſt the ſeaſons of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument

ment in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chuſing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the ſaviour of his country: another atchieves the ſame enterprize; but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madneſs fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon ſo nice a diſtinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder Brutus only perſonated the fool and madman for the good of the public. But this was nothing elſe than a redundancy of the ſame vapour, long miſapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis** ; or, (to tranſlate it as nearly as I can), a ſort of phrenzy, never in its right element till you take it up in the buſineſs of the ſtate.

Upon all which, and many other reaſons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking, to Sir E———d S———r, Sir C———r M———ve, Sir J———n B———ls, J———n H———w, Eſq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commiſſioners to inſpect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to ſend for perſons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every ſtudent and profeſſor; to obſerve with the utmoſt exactneſs their ſeveral diſpoſitions and behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable inſtruments for the ſeveral offices in a ſtate†, * * * * * * civil and military; proceeding in ſuch methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And I hope the gentle reader will give ſome allowance to my great ſolicitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high eſteem I have ever

[* Tacit.]

† Eccleſiaſtical.

borne

borne that honourable ſociety, whereof I had ſome time the happineſs to be an unworthy member.

Is any ſtudent tearing his ſtraw in piece-meal, ſwearing and blaſpheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piſſpot in the ſpectators' faces? Let the right worſhipful the Commiſſioners of inſpection give him a regiment of dragoons, and ſend him into Flanders among the reſt. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling, in a ſound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here miſlaid! Let him be furniſhed immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence * in his pocket, and away with him to Weſtminſter-hall.

You will find a third gravely taking the dimenſions of his kennel; a perſon of foreſight and inſight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moſes *ecce cornuta* † *erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell conſtantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and ſhop-lifters, and court-cuſtomers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all theſe acquirements amount to, if the owner were ſent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep converſation with himſelf; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance chequered with buſineſs and deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great ſaver of time; ſomewhat thick of hearing; very ſhort of ſight, but more of memory; a man ever in haſte, a great hatcher and breeder of buſineſs, and excellent at the famous art of whiſpering nothing; a huge idolater of monoſyllables and procraſtination; ſo ready to give his word to every

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together come in an hackney-coach to Weſtminſter-hall.

† *Cornutus* is either horned or ſhining; and by this term Moſes is deſcribed in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

body,

body, that he never keeps it; one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the ſound; extremely ſubject to the looſeneſs, for his occaſions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir (ſays "he,) give me a penny, and I'll ſing you a ſong; but "give me the penny firſt." (Hence comes the common ſaying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a ſong.) What a complete ſyſtem of court ſkill is here deſcribed in every branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong application? Accoſt the hole of another kennel, firſt ſtopping your noſe, you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The beſt part of his diet, is the reverſion of his own ordure; which, expiring into ſteams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin ſcattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet, upon its firſt declination; like other inſects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their ſmell. The ſtudent of this apartment is very ſparing of his words, but ſomewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the ſociety of Warwick-lane ſhould have no more concern for the recovery of ſo uſeful a member, who, if one may judge from theſe appearances, would become the greateſt ornament to that illuſtrious body? Another ſtudent ſtruts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half ſqueezing out his eyes, and very graciouſly holds you out his hand to kiſs. The keeper deſires you not to be afraid of this profeſſor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the orator of the place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn perſon is a taylor, run mad with pride. This conſiderable ſtudent is adorned with many other qualities, upon which, at preſent, I ſhall not farther enlarge.

—Hark

——————Hark in your ear * ——————I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his addreſs, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I ſhall not deſcend ſo minutely as to inſiſt upon the vaſt number of beaux, fidlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by ſuch a reformation. But what is more material, beſides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by ſo large an acquiſition of perſons to employ, whoſe talents and acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their ſeveral kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt from what I have already ſhewn; and ſhall inforce by this one plain inſtance, That even I myſelf, the author of theſe momentous truths, am a perſon, whoſe imaginations are hard mouthed, and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his reaſon, which I have obſerved from long experience, to be a very light rider, and eaſily ſhook off: upon which account my friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn promiſe, to vent my ſpeculations in this, or the like manner, for the univerſal benefit of human kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderneſs uſually annexed to his office, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A TALE OF A TUB†.

IT is an unanſwerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have paſſed of late years

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chaſm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

† This Section has, in former Editions been entitled a Tale of a Tub, but the Tale not being continued till

between the nation of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgements to the world, for the general reception and applauſe they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received*. In due deference to ſo laudable a cuſtom, I do here return my humble thanks to his Majeſty, and both Houſes of Parliament; to the Lords of the King's Moſt Honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the Judges; to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry, of this land; but, in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-houſe, and Greſham college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Weſtminſter-hall, and Guildhall; in ſhort, to all inhabitants and retainers whatſoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and univerſal acceptance of this divine treatiſe. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmoſt of my poor capacity, ſhall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am alſo happy, that fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an age for the mutual felicity of bookſellers and authors, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this day the two only ſatisfied parties in England. Aſk an author how his laſt piece has ſucceeded: "Why, truly, he thanks his "ſtars, the world has been very favourable, and he has "not the leaſt reaſon to complain. And yet, by G—, "he wrote it in a week, at fits and ſtarts, when he could "ſteal an hour from his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt, to the bookſeller. There you go as a cuſtomer, and make the ſame queſtion: "He bleſſes his God, the thing takes wonderfully;

Section XI. and this being only a further digreſſion, no apology can be thought neceſſary for making the title correſpond with the Contents.

* This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the prefaces to moſt plays, poems, &c.

" he is juſt printing a ſecond edition, and has but three " left in his ſhop." You beat down the price: " Sir, we ſhall not differ;" and, in hopes of your cuſtom another time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; " and, pray, ſend as many of your acquaintances as " you will, I ſhall upon your account furniſh them all " at the ſame rate."

Now, is it not well enough conſidered, to what accidents and occaſions the world is indebted for the greateſt part of thoſe noble writings which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the ſpleen, a courſe of phyſic, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purſe, a factious head, a hot ſun, coſtive diet, want of books, and a juſt contempt of learning; but for theſe events, I ſay, and ſome others, too long to recite, (eſpecially a prudent neglect of taking brimſtone inwardly), I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree moſt woeful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philoſopher. " It is certain (ſaid he) ſome grains " of folly are of courſe annexed, as part of the compoſi- " tion of human nature; only the choice is left us, whe- " ther we pleaſe to wear them inlaid or imboſſed: and " we need not go very far to ſeek how that is uſually " determined, when we remember, it is with human " faculties as with liquors, the lighteſt will be ever at " the top."

There is in this famous iſland of Britain, a certain paltry ſcribler, very voluminous, whoſe character the reader cannot wholly be a ſtranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called ſecond parts, and uſually paſſes under the name of The author of the firſt. I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have ſtole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Bl——re, L——ge, and many others who ſhall here be nameleſs. I therefore fly for juſtice and relief, into the hands of that great

rectifier

rectifier of ſaddles*, and lover of mankind, Dr. B—tley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his moſt modern conſideration; and if it ſhould ſo happen, that the furniture of an aſs, in the ſhape of a ſecond part, muſt for my ſins be clapped by a miſtake upon my back; that he will immediately pleaſe, in the preſence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own houſe, till the true beaſt think fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my reſolutions are, to circumſcribe within this diſcourſe the whole ſtock of matter I have been ſo many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the univerſal benefit of mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the number of my gueſts, they ſhall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the leavings in the cupboard. What the gueſts cannot eat, may be given to the poor: and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones†. This I underſtand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's ſtomachs, by inviting them again to-morrow to a ſcurvy meal of ſcraps.

If the reader fairly conſiders the ſtrength of what I have advanced in the foregoing ſection, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding part of this miraculous treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three claſſes; the ſuperficial, the ignorant, and the learned; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The ſuperficial reader will be ſtrangely

* Alluding to the trite phraſe, place the ſaddle on the right horſe.

† By dogs the author means common injudicious critics, and he explains it himſelf before, in his Digreſſion upon Critics.

provoked to laughter; which clears the breaſt and the lungs, is ſovereign againſt the ſpleen, and the moſt innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the diſtinction is extremely nice) will find himſelf diſpoſed to ſtare: which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the ſpirits, and wonderfully helps perſpiration. But the reader, truly learned, chiefly for whoſe benefit I wake when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient matter to employ his ſpeculations for the reſt of his life. It were much to be wiſhed, and I do here humbly propoſe for an experiment, that every prince in Chriſtendom will take ſeven of the deepeſt ſcholars in his dominions, and ſhut them up cloſe for ſeven years, in ſeven chambers, with a command to write ſeven ample commentaries on this comprehenſive diſcourſe. I ſhall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their ſeveral conjectures, they will be all, without the leaſt diſtortion, manifeſtly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earneſt requeſt, that ſo uſeful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majeſties pleaſe, with all convenient ſpeed; becauſe I have a ſtrong inclination, before I leave the world, to taſte a bleſſing, which we myſterious writers can ſeldom reach, till we have got into our graves; whether it is that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the ſtock is in the earth; or whether ſhe be a bird of prey, and is lured among the reſt, to purſue after the ſcent of a carcaſe; or whether ſhe conceives her trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe ſtands on a tomb, by the advantage of a riſing ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the univerſal mother of things, wiſe philoſophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportions they are dark; and

therefore

therefore the true illuminated* (that is to ſay, the darkeſt of all) have met with ſuch numberleſs commentators, whoſe ſcholaſtic midwifry hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themſelves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very juſtly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of ſuch writers being like ſeed, which, however ſcattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the ſower.†

And therefore, in order to promote ſo uſeful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendos*, that may be of great aſſiſtance to thoſe ſublime ſpirits who ſhall be appointed to labour in an univerſal comment upon this wonderful diſcourſe. And, firſt, I have couched a very profound myſtery in the number of Os multiplied by ſeven, and divided by nine‡. Alſo, if a devout brother of the *Roſy Croſs* will pray fervently for ſixty three mornings, with a lively faith, and then tranſpoſe certain letters and ſyllables according to preſcription, in the ſecond and fifth ſections; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Laſtly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatiſe, and ſum up the difference exactly between the ſeveral numbers, aſſigning the true natural cauſe for every ſuch difference; the diſcoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he muſt beware of *bythus* and *ſige*‖, and

* A ſect of the Roſycrucians. Theſe were fanatic Alchymiſts, who, in ſearch after the great ſecret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a kind of theological philoſophy, made up of almoſt equal mixtures of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, and the Jewiſh Cabbala, Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.

† Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the Cabaliſts among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful myſteries by it.

‖ I was told by an eminent divine, whom I conſulted

be ſure not to forget the qualities of *acamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit ſubſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia ſolida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein *Eugenius Philalethes** hath committed an unpardonable miſtake†.

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject; and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way; whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet, upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myſelf. For in writing, it is as in travelling; if a man is in haſte to be at home,

on this point, that theſe two barbarous words, with that of *acamoth* and its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he diſcovered by ſearching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquiſitive, whether theſe barbarous words, *Biſſira, eucabaſa*, &c. are really in Irenæus; and upon inquiry it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

[* *Vid. Anima magica abſcondita.*]

† To the above mentioned treatiſe, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima Magica Abſconaita*, written by the ſame author Vaughan, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*; but in neither of thoſe treatiſes is there any mention of *acamoth*, or its qualities: ſo that this is nothing but amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. as we have ſaid were tranſcribed from Irenæus; though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was, to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.

(which

(which I acknowledge to be none of my caſe, having never ſo little buſineſs as when I am there,) if his horſe be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt road, be it ever ſo dirty. But then, ſurely, we muſt own ſuch a man to be a ſcurvy companion at beſt: he ſpatters himſelf and his fellow-travellers at every ſtep; all their thoughts, and wiſhes, and converſation turn entirely upon the ſubject of their journey's end; and at every ſplaſh, and plunge, and ſtumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the devil.

On the other ſide, when a traveller and his horſe are in heart and plight; when his purſe is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the firſt occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful ſcene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe out of ſtupidity or wearineſs, let them jog on by themſelves, and be d—n'd. He'll overtake them at the next town: at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred noiſy curs* run barking after him; of which if he honours the boldeſt with a laſh of his whip, it is rather out of ſport than revenge: but ſhould ſome ſourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a ſalute on the chaps, by an accidental ſtroke from the courſer's heels, (nor is any ground loſt by the blow,) which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to ſum up the ſingular adventures of my renowned Jack; the ſtate of whoſe diſpoſitions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the concluſion of a former ſection. Therefore his next care muſt be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a ſcheme of notions that may beſt fit his underſtanding for a true reliſh of what is to enſue.

* By theſe are meant what the author calls the true critics.

Jack

Jack had not only calculated the firſt revolution of his brain ſo prudently, as to give riſe to that epidemic ſect of Æolists, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulneſs of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their myſteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material paſſages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compaſs of a pen. Nor do I at all queſtion, but they will furniſh plenty of noble matter for ſuch, whoſe converting imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all things into types; who can make ſhadows, no thanks to the ſun; and then mould them into ſubſtances, no thanks to philoſophy; whoſe peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and myſtery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, ingroſſed in form upon a large ſkin of parchment; and reſolving to act the part of a moſt dutiful ſon, he became the fondeſt creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain eaſy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in caſe of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of myſtery at the bottom. "Gentlemen, (ſaid he,) I will prove "this very ſkin of parchment to be meat, drink, and "cloaths; to be the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univer-"ſal medicine." In conſequence of which raptures, he reſolved to make uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paltry occaſions of life*. He had a

* The author here laſhes thoſe pretenders to purity, who

way of working it into any ſhape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a ſore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his noſe; or if any thing lay heavy on his ſtomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the powder as would lie on a ſilver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to theſe refinements, his common talk and converſation ran wholly on the phraſe of his will *: and he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his eloquence within that compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a ſyllable without authority from thence. Once at a ſtrange houſe he was ſuddenly taken ſhort, upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that ſuddenneſs the occaſion required, an authentic phraſe for demanding the way to the back-ſide; he choſe rather, as the more prudent courſe, to incur the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again; becauſe, having conſulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a paſſage near the bottom (whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it†.

place ſo much merit in uſing ſcripture-phraſes on all occaſions.

* The Proteſtant Diſſenters uſe ſcripture-phraſes in their ſerious diſcourſes and compoſures more than the church of England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and converſation to run wholly in the phraſe of his WILL. W. Wotton.

† I cannot gueſs the author's meaning here; which I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of importance. Incurring the penalty in ſuch caſes, uſually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himſelf clean becauſe having conſulted the will, (i. e. the New Teſtament), he met with a paſſage near the bottom, i. e. in the eleventh verſe of the laſt Chapter of the Revelations. "He which is filthy let him be filthy ſtill;" which ſeemed to

He made it a part of his religion, never to ſay grace to his meat *; nor could all the world perſuade him, as the common phraſe is, to eat his victuals like a Chriſtian †.

He bore a ſtrange kind of appetite to ſnap-dragon ‡, and to the livid ſnuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and ſwallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which, iſſuing in a glowing ſteam from both his eyes, as well as his noſtrils, and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the ſkull of an aſs, wherein a roguiſh boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects. Therefore he made uſe of no other expedient to light himſelf home; but was wont to ſay, that a wiſe man was his own lanthorn.

He would ſhut his eyes as he walked along the ſtreets: and if he happened to bounce his head againſt a poſt, or fall into the kennel, (as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both,) he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that "he ſubmitted with entire reſignation, "as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, "by long experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle "or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, "would be ſure to come off with a ſwinging fall, or a "bloody noſe. It was ordained, (ſaid he,) ſome few "days before the creation, that my noſe and this very

to forbid it, whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber is added; becauſe this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldeſt and moſt authentic copy of the New Teſtament.

* The ſlovenly way of receiving the ſacrament among the Fanatics.

† This is a common phraſe to expreſs eating cleanlily, and is meant for an invective againſt that indecent manner among ſome people in receiving the ſacrament; ſo in the lines before, which is to be underſtood of the Diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the ſacrament.

‡ I cannot well find the author's meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthuſiaſts.

poſt

" poſt ſhould brave a rencounter; and therefore Provi-
" dence thought fit to ſend us both into the world in the
" ſame age, and to make us country-men, and fellow-
" citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very
" likely, the buſineſs might have been a great deal
" worſe; for how many a confounded ſlip is daily got
" by man, with all his foreſight about him? Beſides,
" the eyes of the underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of
" the ſenſes are out of the way; and therefore blind
" men are obſerved to tread their ſteps with much more
" caution, and conduct, and judgment, than thoſe who
" rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the
" viſual nerve, which every little accident ſhakes out
" of order, and a drop or a film can wholly diſconcert;
" like a lanthorn among a pack of roaring bullies,
" when they ſcour the ſtreets; expoſing its owner and
" itſelf to outward kicks and buffets, which both might
" have eſcaped, if the vanity of appearing would have
" ſuffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if
" we examine the conduct of theſe boaſted lights,
" it will prove yet a great deal worſe than their fortune.
" It is true, I have broke my noſe againſt this poſt,
" becauſe Providence either forgot, or did not think it
" convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me
" notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either
" the preſent age or poſterity, to truſt their noſes into
" the keeping of their eyes; which may prove the faireſt
" way of loſing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes!
" ye blind guides! miſerable guardians, are ye of our
" frail noſes; ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt pre-
" cipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing
" bodies after you, to the very brink of deſtruction.
" But, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet ſlip, and we
" tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hoſ-
" pitable ſhrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to
" which not any noſe of mortal make is equal, except
" that of the giant Laurcalco*, who was lord of the

[* *Vid. Don Quixotte.*]

ſilver

" ſilver bridge. Moſt properly, therefore, O eyes, and " with great juſtice, may you be compared to thoſe " fooliſh lights, which conduct men through dirt and " darkneſs, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noiſome " bog."

This I have produced, as a ſcantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe matters.

He was, beſides, a perſon of great deſign and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath ſince met with a vaſt number of worſhippers; by ſome called Babel, by others, Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic ſtructure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its ſhrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had ſome roguiſh trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midſt of the kennel*. Then it was that thoſe who underſtood his pranks, would be ſure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curioſity attracted ſtrangers to laugh, or to liſten, he would of a ſudden, with one hand out with his gear, and piſs full in their eyes, and with the other beſpatter them all with mud.

In winter he went always looſe and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as poſſible, to let in the ambient heat; and in ſummer, lapped himſelf cloſe and thick, to keep it out†.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of Hangman-General‡; and in the exerciſe of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make uſe of no other vizard, than a long prayer§.

* The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthuſiaſts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the diſguiſe of religion and long prayers.

† They affect differences in habit and behaviour.

‡ They are ſevere perſecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

§ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to ſeek God, when they reſolved to murder the King.

He

He had a tongue ſo muſculous and ſubtil, that he could twiſt it up into his noſe, and deliver a ſtrange kind of ſpeech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe kingdoms who began to improve the Spaniſh accompliſhment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually expoſed and erected, he carried his art to ſuch a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the view or the ſound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the ſtinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noiſe of muſic, eſpecially a pair of bag-pipes*. But he would cure himſelf again, by taking two or three turns in Weſtminſter-hall, or Billingſgate, or in a boarding ſchool, or the Royal Exchange, or a ſtate coffee-houſe.

He was a perſon that feared no colours†, but mortally hated all; and upon that account bore a cruel averſion to painters; inſomuch that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would have his pockets loaden with ſtones, to pelt at the ſigns.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occaſions to waſh himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midſt of the winter; but was always obſerved to come out again much dirtier, if poſſible, than he went in.

He was the firſt that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a ſoporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears. It was a compound of ſulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's ſalve‡.

* This is to expoſe our Diſſenters averſion to inſtrumental muſic in churches. W. Wotton.

† They quarrel at the moſt innocent decency and ornament, and deface the ſtatues and paintings on all the churches in England.

‡ Fanatic preaching, compoſed either of hell and damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven, both in ſuch a dirty naufeous ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervor of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street; and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy "Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps;" to another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a hand-"some kick on the arse." "Madam, shall I intreat a "small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands?" "Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love "of God, with that cane of your's, over these poor "shoulders*." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe "this stroke, (said he, shewing his bare shoulders), a "plaguy janissary gave it me this very morning at seven "o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the "Great Turk. Neighbours, mind this broken head "deserves a plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his "noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French "King, long before this time of day, among your wives "and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great "Mogul was come as far as White-chapel; and you "may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God "bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and "child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other†. Peter had lately done some rogueries, that

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

† The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.

Ibid.

forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for the phrenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same center; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same; but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. "Peter, you are the King's prisoner;" or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends, to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray, "send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called the fanaticism of the church of Rome, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it. W. Wotton.

progreſs, without miſſing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to ſtitch up the collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to cheak him; and ſqueezed out his eyes at ſuch a rate, as one could ſee nothing but the white. What little was left of the main ſubſtance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, againſt a rough-caſt wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but, at the ſame time, went on with ſo much violence, that he proceeded a Heathen philoſopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the ſucceſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock reſemblance to finery; there being a ſort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a diſtance, in the dark, or by ſhort ſighted eyes: ſo, in thoſe junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the firſt view a ridiculous ſlanting; which, aſſiſting the reſemblance in perſon and air, thwarted all his projects of ſeparation, and left ſo near a ſimilitude between them, as frequently deceived the very diſciples and followers of both. * *

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* * * * * * * * * * *Deſunt nonnulla.*
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The old Sclavonian proverb ſaid well, That "it is "with men, as with aſſes; whoever would keep them "faſt, muſt find a very good hold at their ears." Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our anceſtors, with great allowances to times and perſons. For, if we look into primitive records, we ſhall find, that no revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how

how can it be otherwiſe, when, in theſe latter centuries, the very ſpecies is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our ſkilfulleſt tenure? For if the only ſlitting of one ear in a ſtag hath been found ſufficient to propagate the defect through a whole foreſt, why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt conſequences, from ſo many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers and our own have been of late ſo much expoſed? It is true, indeed, that while this iſland of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeneſs was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Beſides, it is held by naturaliſts, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the ſuperior region of the body, as in the ears and noſe, there muſt be a parity alſo in the inferior. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their ears to view, and the regions about them; becauſe Hippocrates tells us, That "when the vein behind the "ear happens to be cut, a man becomes a eunuch*." And the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof thoſe who had already uſed the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable offspring by ſuch a proſpect. Others, who ſtood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice; and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter ſiſters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protruſions of zeal, or ſpiritual excreſcences, were ſure to honour every head they ſat upon, as if they had been cloven tongues; but eſpecially that of the preacher, whoſe ears were uſually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent

[* *Lib. de aer. loc. et aqu.*]

and exact in expoſing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxyſms, turning ſometimes to hold forth the one, and ſometimes to hold forth the other. From which cuſtom, the whole opinion of preaching is to this very day, among their profeſſors, ſtyled by the phraſe of holding forth.

Such was the progreſs of the ſaints for advancing the ſize of that member; and it is thought the ſucceſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in proceſs of time, a cruel King had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody perſecution againſt all ears above a certain ſtandard*. Upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing ſprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great number ſliced off to the ſtumps. But of this more hereafter in my General Hiſtory of Ears; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the public.

From this brief ſurvey of the falling ſtate of ears in the laſt age, and the ſmall care had to advance their ancient growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little reaſon we can have to rely upon a hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery: and that whoever deſires to catch mankind faſt, muſt have recourſe to ſome other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral handles, whereof the ſix† ſenſes afford one a-piece, beſide a great number that are ſcrewed to the paſſions, and ſome few riveted to the intellect. Among theſe laſt, curioſity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmeſt graſp; curioſity, that ſpur in the ſide, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the noſe of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author ſhould ſeize upon his readers; which as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain; and they become his priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till wearineſs or dulneſs force him to let go his grip.

* This was K. Charles II. who, at his reſtoration, turned out all the diſſenting teachers that would not conform.

[† Including Scaliger's.]

And

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatiſe, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforeſaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my graſp; leaving them in the peruſal of what remains to that natural oſcitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only aſſure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my papers, the remaining part of theſe memoirs; which conſiſted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and ſurpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taſte of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmoſt endeavours I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's-bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a deſign they had in a certain rainy night to trepan brother Martin into a ſpunging-houſe, and there ſtrip him to the ſkin*; how Martin, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a new warrant came out againſt Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, ſtole his protection, and made uſe of it himſelf. How Jack's tatters came into faſhion in court and city; how he got upon a great horſe†, and

* In the reign of K. James II. the Preſbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papiſts againſt the church of England, and addreſſed him for repeal of the penal laws and teſt. The King, by his diſpenſing power, gave liberty of conſcience, which both Papiſts and Preſbyterians made uſe of. But upon the revolution, the Papiſts being down of courſe, the Preſbyterians freely continued their aſſemblies, by virtue of K. James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's ſtealing Peter's protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.

† Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Preſbyterian, was ſome years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the inſolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle with the enſigns of his office.

ate cuſtard*. But the particulars of all theſe, with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my memory, are loſt beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendſhip that hath paſſed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their healths, for an accident paſt remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accompliſhed writer; and therefore, by a courtly modern, leſt of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a cauſe of abortion, as effectual, though not ſo frequent, as going too ſhort; and holds true eſpecially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jeſuit† who firſt adventured to confeſs in print, that books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral ſeaſons, like dreſs, and diet, and diverſions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living faſt to ſee the time, when a book that miſſes its tide, ſhall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the ſeaſon. No man hath more nicely obſerved our climate, than the bookſeller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle what ſubjects will beſt go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt when the weather-glaſs is fallen to much rain. When he had ſeen this treatiſe, and conſulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the ſubject; and found it would never take, but after a long vacation; and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, conſidering my urgent neceſſities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked weſtward,

* Cuſtard is a famous diſh at a Lord Mayor's feaſt.

[† *Pere d'Orleans.*]

and

and ſaid, "I doubt we ſhall have a fit of bad weather; "however, if you could prepare ſome pretty little ban- "ter, but not in verſe, or a ſmall treatiſe upon the—, "it would run like wild fire. But if it hold up, I have "already hired an author to write ſomething againſt Dr. B—tl—y, which I am ſure will turn to account*.

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits ſhall happen to be that week in the vogue; and if Durfey's laſt play ſhould be in courſe, I had as lieve, he may be the perſon as Congreve. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully well acquainted with the preſent reliſh of our courteous readers; and have often obſerved, with ſingular pleaſure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finiſh his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to ſay upon the ſubject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well the judicious world is reſolved to liſt me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the buſineſs of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells; a perſon with good eyes may ſee to the bottom of the deepeſt, provided any water be there; and that often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beſides dryneſs and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it ſhall paſs however for wonderous deep, upon no wiſer a reaſon than becauſe it is wonderous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to write upon nothing: when the ſubject is utterly exhauſted, to let the pen ſtill move on; by ſome called, the ghoſt of wit, delighting

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Teſtament to the bookſeller, he told him it was a dry ſubject, and the printing could not ſafely be ventured, unleſs he could enliven it with a little humour.

to walk after the death of its body. And to ſay the truth, there ſeems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of diſcerning when to have done. By the time that an author has wrote out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; ſo that I have ſometimes known it to be in writing, as in viſiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole converſation before. The concluſion of a treatiſe reſembles the concluſion of human life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the end of a feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will ſit down after the fulleſt meal, though it be only to doze, or to ſleep out the reſt of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and ſhall be too proud, if by all my labours I can have any ways contributed to the repoſe of mankind, in times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe*. Neither do I think ſuch an employment ſo very alien from the office of a wit, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very polite nation in Greece†, there were the ſame temples built and conſecrated to Sleep and the Muſes, between which two deities they believed the ſtricteſt friendſhip was eſtabliſhed.

I have one concluding favour to requeſt of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this diſcourſe; but give ſome allowance to the author's ſpleen, and ſhort fits or intervals of dulneſs, as well as his own; and lay it ſeriouſly to his conſcience, whether, if he were walking the ſtreets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their eaſe from a window, to critic his gait, and ridicule his dreſs at ſuch a juncture.

In my diſpoſure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the maſter, and to give method and reaſon the office of its lacqueys. The cauſe

* This was wrote before the peace of Ryſwick.

[† *Trœzenii, Pauſan. l.* 2.]

of

of this diſtribution was, from obſerving it my peculiar caſe, to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occaſion where I could be neither wiſe nor ſound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a ſervant of the modern way, to neglect any ſuch opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have obſerved, that from a laborious collection of ſeven hundred thirty eight flowers and ſhining hints of the beſt modern authors, digeſted with great reading into my book of common places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common converſation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of ſucceſs, by being dropped among unſuitable company; and the other coſt me ſo many ſtrains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this diſappointment, (to diſcover a ſecret), I muſt own gave me the firſt hint of ſetting up for an author; and I have ſince found among ſome particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the ſame effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or deſpiſed in diſcourſe, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome conſideration and eſteem, after its preferment and ſanction in print. But now, ſince, by the liberty and encouragement of the preſs, I am grown abſolute maſter of the occaſions and opportunities to expoſe the talents I have acquired, I already diſcover, that the iſſues of my *obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I ſhall here pauſe a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute neceſſity for us both to reſume my pen.

END OF THE TALE OF A TUB.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN

BOOKS

IN

St. James's Library.

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following diſcourſe, as it is unqueſtionably of the ſame author, ſo it ſeems to have been written about the ſame time with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous diſpute was on foot, about ancient and modern learning. The controverſy took its riſe from an eſſay of Sir William Temple upon that ſubject; which was anſwered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an Appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to deſtroy the credit of Æſop and Phalaris, for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the eſſay before mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery; to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminouſly rejoined. In this diſpute, the town highly reſented to ſee a perſon of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly uſed by the two Reverend Gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themſelves as parties principally concerned, took up the controverſy, and came to a deciſive battle; but the manuſcript, by the injury of fortune, or weather, being in ſeveral places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the victory fell.

I muſt warn the reader, to beware of applying to perſons, what is here meant only of books in the moſt literal ſenſe. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the perſon of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain ſheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the ſaid poet: and ſo of the reſt.

THE

PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a ſort of glaſs, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reaſon for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend miſchief from thoſe underſtandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add ſtrength to the ſinews of the body, yet are found to relax thoſe of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one ſcumming; let the owner gather it with diſcretion, and manage his little ſtock with huſbandry. But of all things let him beware of bringing it under the laſh of his betters; becauſe that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new ſupply: Wit without knowledge being a ſort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a ſkilful hand may be ſoon whipt into froth; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A
FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
BATTLE,
FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumſpection into the annual records of Time, will find it remarked, that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the daughter of Riches*. The former of which aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter. For pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and ſometimes by both: and to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invaſions uſually travelling from north to ſouth, that is to ſay, from poverty upon plenty. The moſt ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are luſt and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the iſſues of want. For to ſpeak in the phraſe of writers upon the politics, we may obſerve in the republic of Dogs, (which in its original ſeems to be an inſtitution of the many,) that the whole ſtate is ever in the profoundeſt peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great bone to be ſeized on by ſome leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy; or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The ſame reaſoning alſo holds place among them, in thoſe diſſenſions we behold upon a turgeſcency in any of their females. For, the right of poſſeſſion lying in common, (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a property in ſo delicate a caſe,) jealouſies and ſuſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole commonwealth of that ſtreet is reduced to a manifeſt ſtate of war, of

[* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clark, opt. edit.*]

every citizen againſt every citizen; till ſome one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally ariſes plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and ſnarling againſt the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of theſe republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invaſion or defence, we ſhall find the ſame reaſoning will ſerve, as to the grounds and occaſions of each; and that poverty, or want, in ſome degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the caſe,) has a great ſhare, as well as pride, on the part of the aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this ſcheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual ſtate, or commonwealth of learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt ground of diſagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form juſt concluſions upon the merits of either cauſe. But the iſſue or events of this war are not eaſy to conjecture at: for the preſent quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretenſions ſomewhere or other ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt overtures of accommodation. This quarrel firſt began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood) about a ſmall ſpot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnaſſus; the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been, time out of mind, in quiet poſſeſſion of certain tenants called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But theſe diſliking their preſent ſtation, ſent certain ambaſſadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuiſance, how the height of that part of Parnaſſus quite ſpoiled the proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the eaſt; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, Either that the Ancients would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their effects down to the lower ſummit, which the Moderns would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their place; or elſe, that the ſaid Ancients will give leave to the Moderns, to come with ſhovels and mattocks,

tocks, and level the ſaid hill as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made anſwer, How little they expected ſuch a meſſage as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to ſo near a neighbourhood: That as to their own ſeat, they were Aborigines of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or ſurrender, was a language they did not underſtand: That if the height of the hill on their ſide ſhortened the proſpect of the Moderns, it was a diſadvantage they could not help; but deſired them to conſider, whether that injury, if it be any, were not largely recompenſed by the ſhade and ſhelter it afforded them: That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itſelf: That they would therefore adviſe the Moderns, rather to raiſe their own ſide of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns, with much indignation; who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two expedients. And ſo this difference broke out into a long and obſtinate war; maintained on the one party by reſolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatneſs of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhauſted, and the virulence of both parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that ink is the great miſſile weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a ſort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of theſe are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each ſide, with equal ſkill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas; by its bitterneſs and venom, to ſuit in ſome degree, as well as to foment

the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to ſet up trophies on both ſides; the beaten party being content to be at the ſame expence, to keep itſelf in countenance, (a laudable and ancient cuſtom, happily revived of late in the art of war;) ſo the learned, after a ſharp and bloody diſpute, do on both ſides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worſt. Theſe trophies have largely inſcribed on them the merits of the cauſe; a full impartial account of ſuch a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that ſet them up. They are known to the world under ſeveral names; as, Diſputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Conſiderations, Anſwers, Replies, Remarks, Reflexions, Objections, Confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themſelves or their repreſentatives*, for paſſengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefeſt and largeſt are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purpoſely aſſigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controverſy.

In theſe books is wonderfully inſtilled, and preſerved, the ſpirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his ſoul tranſmigrates there, to inform them. This, at leaſt, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where ſome philoſophers affirm, that a certain ſpirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to duſt or to worms, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves: ſo we may ſay, a reſtleſs ſpirit haunts over every book, till duſt or worms have ſeized upon it; which to ſome may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore, books of controverſy, being of all others haunted by the moſt diſorderly ſpirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was thought prudent by our an-

[* Their title-pages.]

ceſtors,

ceſtors, to bind them to the peace with ſtrong iron chains. Of which invention the original occaſion was this. When the works of Scotus firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his maſter Ariſtotle, and there both concerted together, to ſeize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient ſtation among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt ſucceeded, and the two uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all polemics of the larger ſize ſhould be held faſt with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preſerved, if a new ſpecies of controverſial books had not aroſe of late years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant ſpirit, from the war above-mentioned, between the learned, about the higher ſummit of Parnaſſus.

When theſe books were firſt admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have ſaid upon occaſion, to ſeveral perſons concerned, how I was ſure they would create broils where-ever they came, unleſs a world of care were taken; and therefore I adviſed, that the champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poiſons, their malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counſellor: for it was nothing elſe but the neglect of this caution which gave occaſion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday laſt between the Ancient and Modern books in the King's library. Now, becauſe the talk of this battle is ſo freſh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town ſo great, to be informed in the particulars; I being poſſeſſed of all qualifications requiſite in an hiſtorian, and retained by neither party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The

The guardian of the regal library, a perſon of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity*, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnaſſus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the Ancient chiefs, who guarded a ſmall paſs on the ſuperior rock: but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which thoſe of the Modern party are extreme ſubject; for being light-headed, they have in ſpeculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, diſcover a mighty preſſure about their poſteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his deſign, the diſappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients; which he reſolved to gratify, by ſhewing all marks of his favour to the books of their adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt apartments; when at the ſame time, whatever book had the boldneſs to own itſelf for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in ſome obſcure corner, and threatened, upon the leaſt diſpleaſure, to be turned out of doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time there was a ſtrange confuſion of place among all the books in the library; for which ſeveral reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned duſt, which a perverſe wind blew off from a ſhelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the ſchoolmen, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his ſpleen, and ſome climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And, laſtly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite loſt the ſituation of it out of his head; and, therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to miſtake, and clap

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, ſays, he was refuſed a manuſcript by the library-keeper, *pro ſolita humanitate ſua.* Doctor Bentley was then library keeper, the two ancients were Phalaris and Æſop.

Des

Des Cartes next to Ariſtotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wiſe Maſters; and Virgil was hemmed in, with Dryden on one ſide, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, thoſe books that were advocates for the Moderns, choſe out one from among them, to make a progreſs through the whole library, examine the number and ſtrength of their party, and concert their affairs. This meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a liſt of their forces, in all fifty thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of light horſe, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot were in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad; their horſes large, but extremely out of caſe and heart. However, ſome few, by trading among the Ancients, had furniſhed themſelves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, diſcord grew extremely high, hot words paſſed on both ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary Ancient, ſqueezed up among a whole ſhelf of Moderns, offered fairly to diſpute the caſe, and to prove, by manifeſt reaſons, that the priority was due to them, from long poſſeſſion, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits towards the Moderns. But theſe denied the premiſes; and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the Ancients could pretend to inſiſt upon their antiquity, when it was ſo plain, (if they went to that,) that the Moderns were much the more Ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true, (ſaid "they,) we are informed, ſome few of our party have "been ſo mean to borrow their ſubſiſtence from you. "But the reſt, infinitely the greater number, (and eſ-"pecially we French and Engliſh,) were ſo far from "ſtooping to ſo baſe an example, that there never paſ-"ſed, till this very hour, ſix words between us. For "our horſes are of our own breeding, our arms of our

[* According to the modern paradox.]

own

" own forging, and our cloaths of our own cutting out " and ſewing." Plato was by chance upon the next ſhelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour ruſty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleaſant way, ſwore, By G——, he believed them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negociation with ſecreſy enough to eſcape the notice of the enemy. For thoſe advocates who had begun the quarrel by ſetting firſt on foot the diſpute of precedency, talked ſo loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive. Upon which ſeveral of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among the reſt Temple himſelf. This Temple, having been educated and long converſed among the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greateſt favourite, and became their greateſt champion.

Things were at this criſis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain ſpider, ſwoln up to the firſt magnitude by the deſtruction of infinite numbers of flies, whoſe ſpoils lay ſcattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of ſome giant. The avenues to his caſtle were guarded with turnpikes and palliſadoes, all after the Modern way of fortification.

After you had paſſed ſeveral courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the conſtable himſelf in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to ſally out upon all occaſions of prey or defence. In this manſion he had for ſome time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his perſon by ſwallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below; when it was the pleaſure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whoſe curioſity a broken

broken pane in the glaſs had diſcovered itſelf, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the ſpider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, ſunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his paſſage, and thrice the centre ſhook. The ſpider within, feeling the terrible convulſion, ſuppoſed, at firſt, that nature was approaching to her final diſſolution; or elſe, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thouſands of his ſubjects, whom this enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he, at length, valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth and meet his fate. Mean-while the bee had acquitted himſelf of his toils, and, poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance, was employed in cleanſing his wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the ſpider was adventured out; when, beholding the chaſms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortreſs, he was very near at his wit's end. He ſtormed and ſwore like a madman, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his eye upon the bee, and wiſely gathering cauſes from events, (for they knew each other by ſight), "A plague ſplit you (ſaid he) for a "giddy ſon of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, "that have made this litter here? Could not you look "before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have no-"thing elſe to do, (in the devil's name), but to mend "and repair after your arſe?" "Good words, (friend, "ſaid the bee, having now pruned himſelf, and being "diſpoſed to droll); I will give you my hand and word "to come near your kennel no more: I was never in "ſuch a confounded pickle ſince I was born." "Sirrah, "(replied the ſpider), if it were not for breaking an old "cuſtom in our family, never to ſtir abroad againſt an "enemy, I ſhould come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience, (ſaid the bee), or you will ſpend "your ſubſtance; and, for ought I ſee, you may ſtand "in need of it all towards the repair of your houſe." "Rogue! Rogue! (replied the ſpider); yet methinks

"you

" you ſhould have more reſpect to a perſon, whom all
" the world allows to be ſo much your betters."—" By
" my troth, (ſaid the bee), the compariſon will amount
" to a very good jeſt; and you will do me a favour, to
" let me know the reaſons that all the world is pleaſed to
" uſe in ſo hopeful a diſpute." At this, the ſpider, having ſwelled himſelf into the ſize and poſture of a diſputant, began his argument in the true ſpirit of controverſy, with a reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reaſons, without the leaſt regard to the anſwers or objections of his oppoſite; and fully pre-determined in his mind againſt all conviction.

" Not to diſparage myſelf (ſaid he) by the compariſon
" with ſuch a raſcal, what art thou but a vagabond,
" without houſe or home, without ſtock or inheritance;
" born to no poſſeſſion of your own, but a pair of wings
" and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is an univerſal
" plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and
" gardens; and, for the ſake of ſtealing, will rob a net-
" tle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domeſtic
" animal, furniſhed with a native ſtock within myſelf.
" This large caſtle (to ſhew my improvement in the
" mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the
" materials extracted altogether out of my own perſon."

" I am glad (anſwered the bee) to hear you grant at
" leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my wings and my
" voice: for then, it ſeems, I am obliged to Heaven
" alone for my flights and my muſic; and Providence
" would never have beſtowed on me two ſuch gifts,
" without deſigning them for the nobleſt ends. I viſit
" indeed all the flowers and bloſſoms of the field and the
" garden: but whatever I collect from thence, enriches
" myſelf, without the leaſt injury to their beauty, their
" ſmell, or their taſte. Now, for you, and your ſkill
" in architecture and other mathematics, I have little
" to ſay. In that building of your's, there might, for
" ought I know, have been labour and method enough;
" but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain,
" the materials are nought; and I hope you will hence-
" forth

" forth take warning, and conſider duration and matter,
" as well as method and art. You boaſt indeed of being
" obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and ſpin-
" ning out all from yourſelf; that is to ſay, if we may
" judge of the liquor in the veſſel by what iſſues out, you
" poſſeſs a good plentiful ſtore of dirt and poiſon in your
" breaſt. And though I would by no means leſſen or
" diſparage your genuine ſtock of either, yet, I doubt,
" you are ſomewhat obliged for an increaſe of both to
" a little foreign aſſiſtance. Your inherent portion of
" dirt does not fail of acquiſitions, by ſweepings ex-
" haled from below; and one inſect furniſhes you with
" a ſhare of poiſon to deſtroy another. So that, in ſhort,
" the queſtion comes all to this, Whether is the nobler
" being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation
" of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which,
" feeding and engendering on itſelf, turns all into excre-
" ment and venom, producing nothing at all, but fly-
" bane and a cobweb; or that, which, by an univerſal
" range, with long ſearch, much ſtudy, true judgment,
" and diſtinction of things, brings home honey and
" wax?"

This diſpute was managed with ſuch eagerneſs, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below, ſtood ſilent awhile, waiting in ſuſpence what would be the iſſue. Which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at ſo much loſs of time, fled ſtraight away to a bed of roſes, without looking for a reply; and left the ſpider, like an orator collected in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æſop broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated, by a ſtrange effect of the Regent's humanity*, who had torn off his title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him faſt among a ſhelf of Moderns. Where ſoon diſcovering how high the quarrel was like

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æſop: ſee note page 142.

to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand forms. At length, in the borrowed ſhape of an aſs, the Regent miſtook him for a Modern; by which means, he had time and opportunity to eſcape to the Ancients, juſt when the ſpider and the bee were entering into their conteſt: to which he gave his attention with a world of pleaſure; and when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt key, that, in all his life, he had never known two caſes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the ſhelves. "The "diſputants (ſaid he) have admirably managed the diſ- "pute between them, have taken in the full ſtrength of "all that is to be ſaid on both ſides, and exhauſted the "ſubſtance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but "to adjuſt the reaſonings of both to the preſent quarrel, "then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of "each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and "we ſhall find the concluſion fall plain and cloſe upon "the Moderns and us. For pray, Gentlemen, was "ever any thing ſo modern as the ſpider, in his air, his "turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf "of you his brethren, and himſelf, with many boaſtings "of his native ſtock, and great genius; that he ſpins "and ſpits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns to own any "obligation or aſſiſtance from without. Then he diſ- "plays to you his great ſkill in architecture, and im- "provement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee, "as an advocate retained by us the Ancients, thinks fit "to anſwer, That if one may judge of the great genius "or invention of the Moderns, by what they have pro- "duced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you "out in boaſting of either. Erect your ſchemes with "as much method and ſkill as you pleaſe; yet if the "materials be nothing but dirt, ſpun out of your own "intrails, (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will "conclude at laſt in a cobweb; the duration of which, "like that of other ſpiders' webs, may be imputed to "their being begotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. "For any thing elſe of genuine, that the Moderns may

"pretend

" pretend to, I cannot recollect; unleſs it be a large " vein of wrangling and ſatire, much of a nature and " ſubſtance with the ſpider's poiſon; which, however, " they pretend to ſpit wholly out of themſelves, is im- " proved by the ſame arts, by feeding upon the inſects " and vermin of the age. As for us the Ancients, we " are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our " own, beyond our wings and our voice; that is to ſay, " our flights and our language. For the reſt, whatever " we have got, has been by infinite labour and ſearch, " and ranging through every corner of nature. The " difference is, that inſtead of dirt and poiſon, we have " rather choſe to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus " furniſhing mankind with the two nobleſt of things, " which are, ſweetneſs and light."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult ariſen among the books, upon the cloſe of this long deſcant of Æſop; both parties took the hint, and heightened their animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a battle. The Moderns on their parts were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing leſs than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occaſion. The difference was greateſt among the horſe, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Taſſo and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The light-horſe were commanded by Cowley and * Deſpreaux. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gaſſendi, and Hobbes; whoſe ſtrength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their arrows beyond the atmoſphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors, or, like the cannon-ball, into ſtars. Paracelſus brought a ſquadron of ſtink-pot-flingers from the ſnowy mountains of Rætia. There came a vaſt body of dragoons of different nations, under the leading of Harvey†, their great Aga; part

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau.

† Dr. Hervey who diſcovered the circulation of the blood,

armed with ſcythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all ſteeped in poiſon; part ſhot bullets of a moſt malignant nature, and uſed white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came ſeveral bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the enſigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The reſt were a confuſed multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and ſtature, but without either arms, courage, or diſcipline. In the laſt place, came infinite ſwarms of calones†, a diſorderly rout, led by L'Eſtrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without ‡ coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients were much fewer in number. Homer led the horſe, and Pindar the light-horſe; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Ariſtotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies led by Voſſius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a deciſive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly aſſigned her in the regal library, fled up ſtrait to Jupiter, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two parties below. (For, among the gods, ſhe always tells truth.) Jove, in great con-

a diſcovery much inſiſted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted againſt as falſe by Sir William Temple in his eſſay.

*Calones, by calling this diſorderly rout Calones, the author points both his ſatire and contempt againſt all ſorts of mercenary ſcribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of ſedition, faction, corruption and every evil work: they are ſtiled Calones becauſe they are the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable of all writers; as the Calones, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meaneſt of all ſlaves or ſervants whatſoever.

† Theſe are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

cern,

cern, convokes a council in the Milky Way. The ſenate aſſembled: he declares the occaſion of convening them; a bloody battle juſt impending between two mighty armies of Ancient and Modern creatures, called books, wherein the celeſtial intereſt was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent ſpeech in their favour; which was anſwered by Pallas, the protectreſs of the Ancients. The aſſembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things paſt, preſent, and to come. The claſps were of ſilver, double guilt; the covers of celeſtial Turkey-leather, and the paper ſuch as here on earth might almoſt paſs for vellum. Jupiter, having ſilently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but preſently ſhut up the book.

Without the doors of this aſſembly, there attended a vaſt number of light, nimble gods, menial ſervants to Jupiter. Theſe are his miniſtring inſtruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other like a link of galley ſlaves, by a light chain, which paſſes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet in receiving or delivering a meſſage, they may never approach above the loweſt ſtep of his throne, where he and they whiſper to each other through a long hollow trunk. Theſe deities are called by mortal men, Accidents, or Events; but the gods call them, Second Cauſes. Jupiter having delivered his meſſage to a certain number of theſe divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinacle of the regal library, and, conſulting a few minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticiſm. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the

ſpoils of numberleſs volumes half devoured. At her right hand ſat Ignorance, her father and huſband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There was Opinion, her ſiſter, light of foot, hood-winked, and headſtrong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noiſe, and Impudence, Dulneſs, and Vanity, Poſitiveneſs, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, reſembled thoſe of an aſs; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her ſpleen was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent like a dug of the firſt rate; nor wanted excreſcences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen increaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it. "Goddeſs, (ſaid Momus), can you ſit idly here, while our devout worſhippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps, now lying under the ſwords of their enemies? Who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore to the Britiſh iſle, and, if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage; and, as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions, began a ſoliloquy.

"It is I, (ſaid ſhe), who give wiſdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiſer than their parents; by me beaux become politicians, and ſchool-boys judges of philoſophy; by me ſophiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-houſe-wits, inſtinct by me, can correct an author's ſtyle, and diſplay his minuteſt errors, without underſtanding a ſyllable of his matter or his language; by me ſtriplings ſpend their judgment, as they do their

"eſtate

" eſtate before it comes into their hands. It is I who " have depoſed wit and knowledge from their empire " over Poetry, and advanced myſelf in their ſtead. And " ſhall a few upſtart Ancients dare to oppoſe me?——— " But, come, my aged parents, and you my children " dear, and thou my beauteous ſiſter; let us aſcend my " chariot, and haſte to aſſiſt our devout Moderns, who " are now ſacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive " by that grateful ſmell which from thence reaches my " noſtrils."

The goddeſs and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geeſe, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due places, till, at length, ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of Britain. But, in hovering over its metropolis, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of Greſham and Covent garden! And now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St. James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unſeen, and landing upon a caſe of ſhelves, now deſart, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoſos*, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the poſture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breaſt. For, at the head of a troop of Modern bowmen, ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſon W—tt—n; to whom the fates had aſſigned a very ſhort thread; W—tt—n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by ſtolen embraces with this goddeſs. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old cuſtom of deities, ſhe caſt about to change her ſhape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal ſight, and overcharge the reſt of his ſenſes. She therefore gathered up her perſon into an octavo compaſs. Her body grew white and arid, and ſplit in pieces with dryneſs; the thick turned into paſteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully ſtrewed a black juice or decoction of gall and ſoot, in

in form of letters; her head, and voice, and ſpleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of ſkin, did ſtill continue ſo.

In this guiſe ſhe marched on towards the Moderns, undiſtinguiſhable in ſhape and dreſs from the divine B—ntl—y, W—tt—n's deareſt friend. "Brave W-t-"t-n, (ſaid the goddeſs,) why do our troops ſtand idle "here, to ſpend their preſent vigour, and opportunity "of the day? Away, let us haſte to the generals, and "adviſe to give the onſet immediately." Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the ugliеſt of her monſters, full glutted from her ſpleen, and flung it inviſibly into his mouth; which, flying ſtraight up into his head, ſqueezed out his eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulneſs and Ill-manners, cloſely to attend his perſon in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, ſhe vaniſhed in a miſt; and the hero perceived it was the goddeſs, his mother.

The deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular deſcription, I muſt, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a work. Say, goddeſs, that preſideſt over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle. Paracelſus, at the head of his dragoons, obſerving Galen in the adverſe wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave ancient received upon his ſhield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. * * * * * * * *Hic pauca deſunt.* They bore the wounded Aga* on their ſhields to his chariot. * * * * * *Deſunt nonnulla.*

Then Ariſtotle, obſerving Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his

* Doctor Hervey, it was not thought proper to name his antagoniſt, but only to intimate that he was wounded; other Moderns are ſpared by the *hiatus* that follows, probably for ſimilar reaſons.

arrow;

arrow; which miſſed the valiant Modern, and went hiſſing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit: the ſteel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the paſteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own vortex. * * * * * * * * * * * *Ingens hiatus hic in MS.*

When Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horſe, with difficulty managed by the rider himſelf, but which no other mortal durſt approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, Goddeſs, whom he ſlew firſt, and whom he ſlew laſt. Firſt, Gondibert * advanced againſt him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a ſtaid ſober gelding, not ſo famed for his ſpeed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or light. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had ſpoiled Homer of his armour†; madman! who had never once ſeen the wearer, nor underſtood his ſtrength. Him Homer overthrew, horſe and man, to the ground; there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long ſpear, he ſlew Denham, a ſtout Modern; who from his father's ſide, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race‡. He fell, and bit the earth. The celeſtial part Apollo took, and made it a ſtar; but the terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer ſlew W—ſl—y, with a kick of his horſe's heel. He took Perrault by mighty force out of his ſaddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the ſame blow daſhing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horſe, Virgil appeared in ſhining armour, compleatly fitted to his body. He was

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant.

[† *Vid. Homer.*]

‡ Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; ſo that his detractors ſaid, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill.

mounted

mounted on a dapple-grey ſteed; the ſlowneſs of whoſe pace was an effect of the higheſt mettle and vigour. He caſt his eye on the adverſe wing, with a deſire to find an object worthy of his valour; when, behold, upon a ſorrel gelding, of a monſtrous ſize, appeared a foe iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the enemy's ſquadrons: but his ſpeed was leſs than his noiſe; for his horſe, old and lean, ſpent the dregs of his ſtrength in a high trot; which, though it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud claſhing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within a throw of a lance; when the ſtranger deſired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pauſe, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſſed with ſurpriſe and diſappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head; which appeared ſituate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobſter, or like a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate, or like a ſhrivelled beau from within the pent-houſe of a modern perriwig: and the voice was ſuited to the viſage, ſounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, ſoothed up the good Ancient, called him Father: and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an exchange of armour, as a laſting mark of hoſpitality between them. Virgil conſented, (for the goddeſs Diffidence came unſeen, and caſt a miſt before his eyes), though his was of gold, and coſt a hundred beeves*, the other's but of ruſty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worſe than his own. Then they agree to exchange horſes; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * * * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.* * * * * * * * Lucan appeared upon a fiery horſe, of admirable ſhape, but headſtrong,

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

bearing

bearing the rider where he liſt, over the field. He made a mighty ſlaughter among the enemy's horſe; which deſtruction to ſtop, Bl—ckm—re, a famous Modern, (but one of the mercenaries), ſtrenuouſly oppoſed himſelf; and darted a javelin with a ſtrong hand, which, falling ſhort of its mark, ſtruck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æſculapius came unſeen, and turned off the point*. "Brave Modern, (ſaid Lucan), "I perceive ſome god protects you; for never did my "arm ſo deceive me before. But what mortal can con-"tend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, "but preſent gifts to each other." Lucan then beſtowed the Modern a pair of ſpurs, and Bl—ckm—re gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *Pauca deſunt.*

Creech: but the goddeſs Dulneſs took a cloud, formed into the ſhape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying poſture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and purſued the image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his repoſe.

Then Pindar ſlew———, and ———, and Oldham, and ———, and Afra† the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible ſlaughter among the enemy's light-horſe. Him when Cowley obſerved, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce Ancient, imitating his addreſs, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horſe, and his own ſkill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, firſt Cowley threw a lance; which miſſed Pindar, and paſſing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers

* His ſkill as a phyſician atoned for his dulneſs as a Poet.

† Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

are

are in our degenerate days, could raiſe it from the ground; yet he threw it with eaſe, and it went by an unerring hand ſinging through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided preſent death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the ſhield that had been given him by Venus*. And now both heroes drew their ſwords. But the Modern was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his ſhield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape. At laſt he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the poſture of a ſuppliant, "Godlike Pindar, (ſaid he), ſpare my life, "and poſſeſs my horſe with theſe arms, beſides the ran-"ſom which my friends will give, when they hear I "am alive, and your priſoner." "Dog, (ſaid Pindar), "let your ranſom ſtay with your friends; but your "carcaſe ſhall be left for the fowls of the air, and the "beaſts of the field." With that, he raiſed his ſword, and, with a mighty ſtroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the ſword purſuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horſes feet, the other half was born by the frighted ſteed through the field. This Venus took, and waſhed it ſeven times in ambroſia; then ſtruck it thrice with a ſprig of amarant: upon which the leather grew round and ſoft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a dove, and ſhe harneſſed it to her chariot. * * * * * * * * * * *Hiatus in MS.*

Day being far ſpent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there iſſued forth, from a ſquadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whoſe name was B—ntl—y†; in perſon the moſt deformed of all the Moderns; tall, but without ſhape or comelineſs; large, but without ſtrength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thouſand incoherent pieces; and the ſound of it as he marched was loud and

* His poem called the Miſtreſs.

[† The epiſode of B-ntl-y and W-tt-n.]

dry,

dry, like that made by the fall of a ſheet of lead, which an Eteſian wind blows ſuddenly down from the roof of ſome ſteeple. His helmet was of old ruſty iron, but the viſard was braſs, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the ſame fountain; ſo that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of moſt malignant nature was ſeen to diſtil from his lips. In his right hand * he graſped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offenſive weapon) a veſſel full of ordure in his left. Thus compleatly armed, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy pace, where the Modern chiefs were holding a conſult upon the ſum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump ſhoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The generals made uſe of him for his talent of railing: which, kept within government, proved frequently of great ſervice to their cauſe; but at other times did more miſchief than good; for at the leaſt touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it againſt his leaders. Such at this juncture was the diſpoſition of B—ntl—y, grieved to ſee the enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to underſtand, that he conceived, with great ſubmiſſion, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and ſons of whores, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonſenſical ſcoundrels; that if himſelf had been conſtituted general, thoſe preſumptuous dogs the Ancients would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "† You, ſaid he, ſit here idle! but when I or any other "valiant Modern kill any enemy, you are ſure to ſeize "the ſpoil. But I will not march one foot againſt the

* The perſon here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul ſcurrilities.

[† *Vid. Homer. de Therſite.*]

" foe, till you all ſwear to me, that whomſoever I take
" or kill, his arms I ſhall quietly poſſeſs." B ntl-y having ſpoke thus, Scaliger beſtowing him a ſour look, " Miſcreant prater, (ſaid he,) eloquent only in " thine own eyes, thou raileſt without wit, or truth, or " diſcretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth " nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous; " thy ſtudy of humanity, more inhuman; thy converſe " among poets, more groveling, miry, and dull. All " arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untract- " able; courts have taught thee ill-manners; and polite " converſation has finiſhed thee a pedant. Beſides, a " greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never " deſpond, I paſs my word, whatever ſpoil thou takeſt, " ſhall certainly be thy own; though I hope that vile " carcaſe will firſt become a prey to kites and worms."

B—ntl—y durſt not reply; but half choaked with ſpleen and rage, withdrew, in full reſolution of performing ſome great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved W-tt-n; reſolving, by policy or ſurpriſe, to attempt ſome neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcaſes of their ſlaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb; which they paſſed on the ſide of the declining ſun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out guards, looking about, if haply they might ſpy the quarters of the wounded, or ſome ſtraggling ſleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two mongrel-curs, whom native greedineſs and domeſtic want provoke and join in partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of ſome rich grazier; they, with tails depreſſed and lolling tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow. Meanwhile, the conſcious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked, at her refulgent viſage, whether ſeen in puddle by reflexion, or in ſphere direct; but one ſurveys the region round, while the other ſcouts the plain, if haply to diſ-

cover

cover at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens: so marched this lovely loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when at distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to B-ntl-y. On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. B-ntl y would fain have dispatched them both; and stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream*. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. B—ntl—y leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W—tt—n.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipt all through his fingers. Then he stopped prone on his breast; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

and the fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearneſs of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick ſediment of ſlime and mud; for ſo Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a puniſhment to thoſe who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallowed lips, and for a leſſon to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the ſpring.

At the fountain head, W-tt-n diſcerned two heroes. The one he could not diſtinguiſh; but the other was ſoon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himſelf to reſt from the toils of the war. W—tt—n, obſerving him with quaking knees and trembling hands, ſpoke thus to himſelf. "Oh, that I could kill this deſtroyer of our army! "What renown ſhould I purchaſe among the chiefs? "But to iſſue out againſt him, man for man, ſhield "againſt ſhield, and lance againſt lance*, what Modern "of us dare? For he fights like a god; and Pallas or "Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, Oh, mother! if "what fame reports be true, that I am the ſon of ſo "great a goddeſs, grant me to hit Temple with this "lance, that the ſtroke may ſend him to hell, and "that I may return in ſafety and triumph, laden "with his ſpoils." The firſt part of his prayer the gods granted, at the interceſſion of his mother, and of Momus; but the reſt, by a perverſe wind, ſent from fate, was ſcattered in the air. Then W—tt—n graſped his lance, and brandiſhing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddeſs, his mother, at the ſame time, adding ſtrength to his arm. Away the lance went hiſſing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient; upon which, lightly graſing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And W—tt—n might have eſcaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance againſt ſo great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo,

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

enraged,

enraged, that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of————, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple. He pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods*, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Arabian Desart, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which echo, foolish nymph, like her ill judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal: so W—tt—n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W—tt—n heavy armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover B—ntl—y appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after W—tt—n, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning †; if chance her geese be scattered over the com-

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Doctor Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and learning then called the Christ church wits.

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

† This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do

mon, ſhe courſes round the plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there the ſtragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champion: ſo Boyle purſued, ſo fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themſelves in phalanx. Firſt, B-ent-y threw a ſpear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breaſt. But Pallas came unſeen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang againſt the enemy's ſhield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, obſerving well his time, took a lance, of wondrous length and ſharpneſs; and as this pair of friends compacted ſtood cloſe ſide to ſide, he wheeled him to the right, and with unuſual force darted the weapon. B-ntl-y ſaw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms cloſe to his ribs, hoping to ſave his body; in went the point, paſſing through arm and ſide: nor ſtopt, or ſpent its force, till it had alſo pierced the valiant W-tt-n; who, going to ſuſtain his dying friend, ſhared his fate. As when a ſkilful cook has truſſed a brace of wood-cocks, he, with iron ſkewer, pierces the tender ſides of both, their legs and wings cloſe pinioned to their ribs; ſo was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; ſo cloſely joined, that Charon would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal ſhall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you ſo.

And now, * * * * *Deſunt Cætera*;

with the ſimilitude, nor would be excuſable without ſuch an authority.

END OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

For T. H. Esq; at his Chambers in the Academy of the Beaux-Esprits in New-Holland.*

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of A letter to a friend. Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, long schemes in philosophy, dark and

* Supposed to be Col. Hunter, author of the Letter of Enthusiasm, mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

This discourse is not altogether equal to the two former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were written in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves than his relation.

wonderful

wonderful myſteries of ſtate, laborious diſſertations in criticiſm and philoſophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in preſent wear: (for, let me ſay what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publiſh this letter, as ſoon as ever it comes to your hands:) I deſire you will be my witneſs to the world, how careleſs and ſudden a ſcribble it has been: that it was but yeſterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into diſcourſe on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the poſt is in ſuch haſte, I have had no manner of time to digeſt it into order, or correct the ſtyle: and if any other modern excuſes, for haſte and negligence, ſhall occur to you in reading, I beg you to inſert them, faithfully promiſing they ſhall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuoſi*, do me the favour to preſent my humble ſervice to that illuſtrious body; and aſſure them, I ſhall ſend an account of thoſe phænomena, as ſoon as we can determine them at Greſham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of *Tobinambou* theſe three laſt ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having diſpatched what I had to ſay of forms, or of buſineſs, let me intreat, you will ſuffer me to proceed upon my ſubject; and to pardon me if I make no farther uſe of the epiſtolary ſtyle, till I come to conclude.

SECT I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a viſit he was going to pay in Paradiſe, he had an offer of ſeveral vehicles to conduct him upwards; as, fiery chariots, winged horſes, and celeſtial ſedans: but he refuſed them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his aſs. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great number of devout Chriſtians; and doubtleſs with good reaſon. For, ſince that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious ſyſtem from the Chriſtian faith, it is but juſt he ſhould pay repriſals to ſuch as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England,

to

to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world ſo plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to ſafety or eaſe: yet there are abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other machine, beſides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I muſt confeſs to bear a very ſingular reſpect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be moſt admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my ſmall reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to ſet it down, by way of common place; and when I have occaſion to write upon human reaſon, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and inſert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications aſcribed to this diſtinguiſhed brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of uſeful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following diſcourſe. For towards the operations, already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the rider and the aſs; which I ſhall endeavour to ſet in as clear a light as I can.

But, becauſe I am reſolved, by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off diſcourſing ſo cloſely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in ſuch a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much ſtraining, make his applications as often as he ſhall think fit. Therefore, if you pleaſe, from hence forward, inſtead of the term aſs, we ſhall make uſe of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider, we will exchange for that of Fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having ſettled this

this weighty point, the great ſubject of inquiry before us is, to examine, by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or ſpirit, or light; and by what intercourſe between him and his aſſembly it is cultivated and ſupported.

In all my writings, I have had conſtant regard to this great end, not to ſuit and apply them to particular occaſions and circumſtances of time, of place, or of perſon; but to calculate them for univerſal nature, and mankind in general. And of ſuch catholic uſe I eſteem this preſent diſquiſition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have ſo unanimouſly agreed, as that of a Fanatic ſtrain, or tincture of enthuſiaſm; which, improved by certain perſons or ſocieties of men, and by them practiſed upon the reſt, has been able to produce revolutions of the greateſt figure in hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe who know any thing of Arabia, Perſia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to aſſign one art or ſcience, which has not annexed to it ſome Fanatic branch: Such are the philoſopher's ſtone, the grand elixir*, the planetary worlds, the ſquaring of the circle, the *ſummum bonum*, Utopian common-wealths, with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate note; which all ſerve for nothing elſe, but to employ or amuſe this grain of enthuſiaſm, dealt into every compoſition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and ſpread yet farther upon holy ground: wherein, though it hath paſſed under the general name of enthuſiaſm, and perhaps ariſen from the ſame original; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The word, in its univerſal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the ſoul, or its faculties, above matter. This deſcription will hold good in general: but I am only to underſtand it as ap-

* Some writers hold them for the ſame, others not.

plied

plied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the ſoul, or tranſporting it beyond the ſphere of matter. The firſt is, the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inſpiration. The ſecond is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed poſſeſſion. The third is, the product of natural cauſes; the effect of ſtrong imagination, ſpleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. Theſe three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore ſhall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthuſiaſm, or launching out of the ſoul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been ſparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; becauſe, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few perſons, it long wanted thoſe advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, ſince it has grown ſo epidemic, and fallen into ſo many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this Mechanical Operation of the Spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at preſent performed by our Britiſh workmen. I ſhall deliver to the reader the reſult of many judicious obſervations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole courſe and method of this trade; producing parallel inſtances, and relating certain diſcoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have ſaid that there is one branch of religious enthuſiaſm, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art; which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and conſtitutions, more than others. Beſides, there is many an operation, which, in its original, was purely an artifice; but, through a long ſucceſſion of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our anceſtors the Scythians, there was a nation called Longheads*, which at firſt began by a cuſtom, among midwives and nurſes, of moulding, and ſqueezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, ſhut out at one paſſage, was forced to ſeek another,

* Macrocephali.

and

and finding room above, ſhot upwards, in the form of a ſugar-loaf; and being diverted that way, for ſome generations, at laſt found it out of herſelf, needing no aſſiſtance from the nurſe's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Longheads; and thus did cuſtom, from being a ſecond nature, proceed to be a firſt. To all which there is ſomething very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted poſterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there roſe a generation of men in this iſland, called Round-heads*, whoſe race is now ſpread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of ſciſſars, a ſqueeze of the face, and a black cap. Theſe heads, thus formed into a perfect ſphere in all aſſemblies, were moſt expoſed to the view of the female ſex: which did influence their conceptions ſo effectually, that nature, at laſt, took the hint, and did it of herſelf; ſo that a round-head has been ever ſince as familiar a ſight among us, as a long-head among the Scythians.

Upon theſe examples, and others eaſy to produce, I deſire the curious reader to diſtinguiſh, firſt, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning; ſecondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the ſuperſtructure is entirely artificial. For the firſt and the laſt of theſe, I underſtand to come within the diſtricts of my ſubject; and, having obtained theſe allowances, they will ſerve to remove any objections that may be raiſed hereafter againſt what I ſhall advance.

* The Fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a ſhame for men to have long hair, cut theirs very ſhort. It is ſaid, that the queen once ſeeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired who that round-headed man was, and that from this incident, the diſtinction became general, and the party were called round heads.

The

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general, upon the following fundamental, that the corruption of the ſenſes is the generation of the ſpirit: becauſe the ſenſes in men are ſo many avenues to the fort of reaſon, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours muſt be therefore uſed, either to divert, bind up, ſtupify, flutter, and amuſe the ſenſes, or elſe to joſtle them out of their ſtations, and while they are either abſent, or otherwiſe employed, or engaged in a civil war againſt each other, the ſpirit enters, and performs its part.

Now, the uſual methods of managing the ſenſes upon ſuch conjunctures, are what I ſhall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the myſteries of every ſociety, I deſire to be excuſed from divulging any rites, wherein the profane muſt have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection muſt, if poſſible, be removed. For it is poſitively denied by certain critics, that the ſpirit can by any means be introduced into an aſſembly of modern ſaints: the diſparity being ſo great, in many material circumſtances, between the primitive way of inſpiration, and that which is practiſed in the preſent age. This they pretend to prove from the ſecond chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, firſt, that the Apoſtles were gathered together with one accord in one place, by which is meant, an univerſal agreement in opinion, and form of worſhip; a harmony (ſay they) ſo far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the ſame. Secondly, the ſpirit inſtructed the apoſtles in the gift of ſpeaking ſeveral languages; a knowledge ſo remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither underſtand propriety of words, or phraſes in their own. Laſtly, (ſay theſe objectors,) the modern artiſts do utterly exclude all approaches of the ſpirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themſelves ſo

cloſe, and ſo induſtriouſly a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never ſat upon the apoſtles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of theſe objections ſeems to conſiſt in the different acceptation of the word ſpirit; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the objectors have reaſon, and their aſſertions may be allowed: but the ſpirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of theſe adverſaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the ſame account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of abſolute neceſſity, to cover their heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent perſpiration; than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater ſpender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther ſhew in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phænomenon of ſpirittual mechaniſm, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the ſpirit, the aſſembly has a conſiderable ſhare, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently ſtrain their eye-balls inward, half cloſing the lids; then, as they ſit, they are in a perpetual motion of ſee-ſaw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the ſound at equal height; chuſing their time in thoſe intermiſſions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it ſo ſingular or improbable, as not to be traced, in diſtant regions, from reading and obſervation. For firſt, the *Jauguis**, or enlightened ſaints of India, ſee all their viſions by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of ſee-ſaw on a beam, and ſwinging by ſeſſion upon a cord, in order to raiſe artificial extacies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian anceſtors†, where it is practiſed at this day among the women. Laſtly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a conſiderable improvement; and it is granted,

[* *Bernier. mem. de Mogul.*] [† *Guagnini. hiſt. Sarmat.*]

that

that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is uſual for a knot of Iriſh, men and women, to abſtract themſelves from matter, bind up all their ſenſes, grow viſionary and ſpiritual, by influence of a ſhort pipe of tobacco, handed round the company; each preſerving the ſmoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in freſh. At the ſame time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by inſtinct, as occaſion requires; and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that ſometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may obſerve their eyes turned up in the poſture of one who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other ſymptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the reaſoning faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded; that imagination hath uſurped the ſeat, ſcattering a thouſand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the methods by which the ſpirit approaches. The eyes being diſpoſed according to art, at firſt you can ſee nothing; but, after a ſhort pauſe, a ſmall glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to aſcend very faſt, till you are perfectly doſed, and fluttered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is alſo at work: he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience; and you find yourſelf prompted to imitate them, by a mere ſpontaneous impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *interſtitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pauſe, under which the ſpirit would ſoon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to diſcover about the progreſs of the ſpirit, with relation to that part which is borne by the aſſembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I ſhall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of thoſe illuſtrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this; that we worſhip God, and they worſhip the devil. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this diſtinction: rather believing, that all nations whatſoever adore the true God, becauſe they ſeem to intend their devotions for ſome inviſible power, of greateſt goodneſs, and ability to help them; which perhaps will take in the brighteſt attributes aſcribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us, that thoſe idolaters adore two principles: the principle of good, and that of evil; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the moſt univerſal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of thing viſible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the underſtandings of either, may well deſerve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our deſires: that the former ſet them a praying, and us a curſing. What I applaud them for, is their diſcretion, in limiting their devotions and their deities to their ſeveral diſtricts; nor ever ſuffering the liturgy of the white god, to croſs or interfere with that of the black. Not ſo with us; who, pretending, by the lines and meaſures of our reaſon, to extend the dominion of one inviſible power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and moſt horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch qualities and accompliſhments as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs; after they have ſunk their principle of evil to the loweſt centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curſes, furniſhed him with viler diſpoſitions than any rake-hell

of

of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and ſawcer eyes; I laugh aloud to ſee theſe reaſoners at the ſame time engaged in wiſe diſputes about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; ſeriouſly debating, whether ſuch and ſuch influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain paſſions and affections are guided by the evil ſpirit or the good:

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi.———

Thus do men eſtabliſh a fellowſhip of Chriſt with Belial, and ſuch is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the diſquiſition before us. It hath continued theſe hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our Engliſh enthuſiaſtic preachers were poſſeſſion or inſpiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either ſide, perhaps to little purpoſe. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpoſe the aſſiſtance of preternatural power, without an abſolute and laſt neceſſity. However, it is a ſketch of human vanity for every individual, to imagine the whole univerſe is intereſted in his meaneſt concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, ſome angel unſeen deſcended on purpoſe to help him by the hand, if he hath knocked his head againſt a poſt, it was the devil, for his ſins, let looſe from hell on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good ſenſe, that either heaven or hell ſhould be put to the trouble of influence or inſpection upon what he is about? Therefore I am reſolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this myſtery, of vending ſpiritual gifts, is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much inſtruction, and maſtered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will beſt appear by deſcribing and deducing the whole

proceſs of the operation, as variouſly as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * * * * *
* * * *Here the whole ſcheme of ſpiri-*
* * * *tual mechaniſm was deduced and*
* * * *explained, with an appearance of*
* * * *great reading and obſervation; but*
* * * *it was thought neither ſafe nor con-*
* * * *venient to print it.*
* * * * * * * * *

Here it may not be amiſs to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere cuſtom, humour, or faſhion, as ſome would pretend, but an inſtitution of great ſagacity and uſe. Theſe, when moiſtened with ſweat, ſtop all perſpiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the ſpirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a ſkilful houſewife that covers her ſtill with a wet clout for the ſame reaſon, and finds the ſame effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuoſi*, that the brain is only a croud of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely ſharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular ſwarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, ſtill preſerving the ſhape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morſure of two or more of theſe animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches ſpread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold alſo, that theſe animals are of a conſtitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, the excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and diſtillations, is nothing elſe but an epidemical looſeneſs, to which that little commonwealth is very ſubject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing leſs than a violet heat can diſentangle theſe creatures from their hamated ſtation of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth:

teeth: That if the morſure be hexagonal, it produced poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the perſon, whoſe nerve is ſo affected, ſhall be diſpoſed to write upon the politics; and ſo of the reſt.

I ſhall now diſcourſe briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is beſt governed, towards the compoſition and improvement of the ſpirit; for without a competent ſkill in tuning and toning each word, and ſyllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incompleat, miſſes entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himſelf to continual pains for new ſupplies, without ſucceſs. For it is to be underſtood, that, in the language of the ſpirit, cant and droning ſupply the place of ſenſe and reaſon, in the language of men; becauſe, in ſpiritual harangues, the diſpoſition of the words, according to the art of grammar, hath not the leaſt uſe, but the ſkill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the ſyllables; even as a diſcreet compoſer, who, in ſetting a ſong, changes the words and order ſo often, that he is forced to make it nonſenſe, before he can make it muſic. For this reaſon it hath been held by ſome, that the art of canting is ever in greateſt perfection when managed by ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the beſt muſical inſtruments were made from the bones of an aſs. And the profounder critics upon that paſſage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine ſignification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though ſome rather think it to have been the *os ſacrum*. But in ſo nice a caſe I ſhall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they pleaſe.

The firſt ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent ſhare of inward light; that is to ſay, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological pollyſyllables, and myſterious texts from holy writ, applied and digeſted by thoſe methods and mechanical operations already related; the bearers of this light reſembling lanthorns,

thorns, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles: which invention, Sir H-mphry Edw-n, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the ſcripture to be now fulfilled, where it ſays, "Thy word is a lanthorn to my feet, and a "light to my paths."

Now, the art of canting conſiſts in ſkilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the ſpirit delivers, that each may ſtrike the ears of the audience with its moſt ſignificant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the diſpoſition of words to a ſentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeably to the modern refinements in muſic, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon ſyllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a ſingle vowel to draw ſighs from a multitude; and for a whole aſſembly of ſaints, to ſob to the muſic of one ſolitary liquid. But theſe are trifles, when even ſounds inarticulate are obſerved to produce as forcible effects. A maſter workman ſhall blow his noſe ſo powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are diſpoſed to receive the excrements of his brain, with the ſame reverence as the iſſue of it. Hawking, ſpitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the ſpirit being the ſame in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compaſs of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical eſſay upon the art of canting, philoſophically, phyſically, and muſically conſidered. But among all improvements of the ſpirit wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the ſound through the noſe, which, under the denomination of ſnuffling *, hath

* The ſnuffling of men, who have loſt their noſes by lewd courſes, is ſaid to have given riſe to that tone, which our diſſenters did too much affect. W. Wotton.

aſſed

paſſed with ſo great applauſe in the world. The originals of this inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the myſtery of it, and leave being given me to publiſh it to the world, I ſhall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at leaſt improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this iſland ever ſince, with great luſtre. All agree, that it firſt appeared upon the decay and diſcouragement of bagpipes; which, having long ſuffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at laſt fell with monarchy. The ſtory is thus related.

As yet ſnuffling was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury Saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and ſtrangely pricked forward by the inward: an effect very uſual among the modern inſpired. For ſome think, that the ſpirit is apt to feed on the fleſh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and ſometimes the fleſh is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the ſpirit: adding, that the former, while it is in the ſtate of a rider, wears huge Rippon ſpurs, and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headſtrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the ſaint felt his veſſel full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of ſtrong inſpiration;) and the place and time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the fleſh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The ſurgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the diſeaſe, driven from its poſt, flew up into his head: and as a ſkilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field,

field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent purſuit; ſo the diſeaſe, repelled from its firſt ſtation, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itſelf; but, finding the foe making attacks at the noſe, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head quarters. Now, the naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human noſes an idioſyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the paſſage is obſtructed, the more our ſpeech delights to go through, as the muſic of a flagelet is made by the ſtops. By this method, the twang of the noſe becomes perfectly to reſemble the ſnuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of Britiſh ears; whereof the ſaint had ſudden experience, by practiſing his new faculty with wonderful ſucceſs in the operation of the ſpirit: for, in a ſhort time, no doctrine paſſed for ſound orthodox, unleſs it were delivered through the noſe. Strait, every paſtor copied after this original; and thoſe who could not otherwiſe arrive to a perfection, ſpirited by a noble zeal, made uſe of the ſame experiment to acquire it. So that I think it may be truly affirmed, the ſaints owe their empire to the ſnuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both ſtratagems were performed by the ſame art; for we read, how the Perſian beaſt acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before*.

I ſhould now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this ſubject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have ſaid to be true, it may ſtill be juſtly objected, That there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthuſiaſm ſome real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals ſeem to want. Obſerve but the geſture, the motion, and the countenance of ſome choice profeſſors, though in their moſt familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the reſt of human creatures. Remark your

[Herodot.]

commoneſt

commoneſt pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without: as lanthorns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, caſt out ſo much the more ſoot, and ſmoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the ſides. Liſten but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing ſome ancient oracle, and your underſtanding will be equally informed. Upon theſe and the like reaſons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there muſt be a ſort of preternatural ſpirit poſſeſſing the heads of the modern ſaints; and ſome will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other ſpirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are diſordered and deſolate, ſhaken and out of repair, the ſpirit delights to dwell within them, as houſes are ſaid to be haunted when they are forſaken and gone to decay.

To ſet this matter in as fair a light as poſſible, I ſhall here very briefly deduce the hiſtory of Fanaticiſm, from the moſt early ages to the preſent. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief profeſſors have univerſally agreed, I think we may reaſonably lay hold on that, and aſſign it for the great ſeed or principle of the ſpirit.

The moſt early traces we meet with of Fanatics in ancient ſtory, are among the Egyptians; who inſtituted thoſe rites known in Greece by the names of Orgia, Panegyres, and Dionyſia; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we ſhall not diſpute at preſent, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. Theſe feaſts were celebrated to the honour of Oſiris, whom the Grecians called Dionyſius, and is the ſame with Bacchus*. Which has betrayed ſome ſuperficial readers to imagine, that the whole buſineſs was nothing more than a ſet of roaring, ſcouring companions, overcharged with wine: but this is a ſcandalous miſtake, foiſted on

[* *Diod. Sic. l.* 1. *Plut, de Iſide et Oſyride.*]

the

the world by a ſort of modern authors, who have too literal an underſtanding; and becauſe antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a ſort of conjuring. Theſe are the men who pretend to underſtand a book, by ſcouting through the index, as if a traveller ſhould go about to deſcribe a palace, when he had ſeen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's deſtiny, by peeping in his breech. For at the time of inſtituting theſe myſteries, * there was not one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor ſeems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progreſs, not only to the Egyptian Oſiris †, but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they viſited or ſubdued. Beſides, Bacchus himſelf was very ſeldom or never drunk: for it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt inventor of the mitre ‡; which he wore continually on his head, as the whole company of Bacchanals did, to prevent vapours and the head-ach after hard drinking. And for this reaſon (ſay ſome) the ſcarlet whore, when ſhe makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always ſober herſelf; though ſhe never balks the glaſs in her turn, being, it ſeems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, theſe feaſts were inſtituted in imitation of the famous expedition Oſiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bachanalian ceremonies § were ſo many types and ſymbols.

From which account, it is manifeſt, that the fanatic rites of theſe *Bacchanals* cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but muſt needs have had a deeper foun-

[* *Herod. l.* 2.]
[† *Diod. Sic. l.* 1. *et* 3.]
[‡ *Id. l.* 4.]
[§ See the particulars in *Diod. Sic. l.* 1. *et.* 3.]

 dation.

dation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumſtances in the courſe of their myſteries. For, in the firſt place, there was in their proceſſions, an entire mixture and confuſion of ſexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deſarts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated Satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon aſſes, all companions of great ſkill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their enſigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the ſhape and ſize of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were ſo many ſhadows and emblems of the whole myſtery, as well as trophies ſet up by the female conquerors. Laſtly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole ſolemnity, ſtript of all its types*, was performed in *puris naturalibus*; the votaries not flying in covies, but ſorted into couples. The ſame may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the inſtitutors of theſe myſteries; who was torn in pieces by women, becauſe he refuſed to communicate his Orgies † to them; which others explained, by telling us, he hath caſtrated himſelf upon grief, for the loſs of his wife.

Omitting many others of leſs note, the next Fanatics we meet with, of any eminence, were the numerous ſects of heretics, appearing in the five firſt centuries of the Chriſtian *æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to thoſe of Eutyches. I have collected their ſyſtems from infinite reading; and comparing them with thoſe of their ſucceſſors in the ſeveral ages ſince, I find there are certain bounds ſet even to the irregularities of human thought, and thoſe a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildeſt ravings: ſo there is one fundamental point, wherein they are ſure to meet, as

[* *Dionyſia, Brauronia.*]
[† *Vid. Photium in excerptis e Conone*]

lines in a centre, and that is the community of women. Great were their ſolicitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their ſchemes of worſhip, on purpoſe to eſtabliſh it.

The laſt Fanatics of note, were thoſe which ſtarted up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther; ſpringing, as muſhrooms do at the end of harveſt. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuſter, and many others; whoſe viſions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen ſiſters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their ſyſtem. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our veſſels to paſs with ſafety, through the waves and tempeſts of this fluctuating world, it is neceſſary to make a good proviſion for the fleſh, as ſeamen lay in ſtore of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief ſurvey of ſome principal ſects among the Fanatics, in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might alſo help to confirm the argument I am about;) to which I might add ſeveral among ourſelves, ſuch as the Family of Love, Sweet Singers of Iſrael, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have ſo unanimouſly agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the ſeed or principle which has ever put men upon viſions in things inviſible, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chymiſts inform us, that the ſtrongeſt ſpirits may be extracted from human fleſh. Beſides, the ſpinal marrow, being nothing elſe but a continuation of the brain, muſt needs create a very free communication between the ſuperior faculties and thoſe below: and thus the thorn in the fleſh ſerves for a ſpur to the ſpirit. I think it is agreed among phyſicians, that nothing affects the head ſo much as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madneſs. A very eminent member of the faculty aſſured me, that when the Quakers firſt appeared, he ſeldom was without ſome female patients among them

for

for the furor——Perſons of a viſionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others the moſt amorous. For zeal is frequently kindled from the ſame ſpark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raiſe that of a gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual proceſs of modern courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a ſhrug, or a hum; a ſigh, or a groan; the ſtyle compact of inſignificant words, incoherences and repetition. Theſe I take to be the moſt accompliſhed rules of addreſs to a miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more dexterity, than by the ſaints? Nay, to bring this argument yet cloſer, I have been informed by certain ſanguine brethren of the firſt claſs, that in the height and *orgaſmus* of their ſpiritual exerciſe, it has been frequent with them * * *; immediately after which, they found the ſpirit to relax and flag of a ſudden with the nerves, and they were forced to haſten to a concluſion. This may be farther ſtrengthened, by obſerving with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by viſionary or enthuſiaſtic preachers, though never ſo contemptible in their outward mien; which is uſually ſuppoſed to be done upon conſiderations purely ſpiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reaſon to think, the ſex hath certain characteriſtics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourſelves can poſſibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however ſpiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intenſe a contemplation is not the buſineſs of fleſh and blood; it muſt, by the neceſſary courſe of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers, for the ſake of celeſtial converſe, are but another ſort of Platonics, who pretend to ſee ſtars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think

no lower; but the ſame pit is provided for both. And they ſeem a perfect moral to the ſtory of that philoſopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the conſtellations, found himſelf ſeduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had ſomewhat more to ſay upon this part of the ſubject; but the poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great haſte to conclude,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

Pray burn this letter as ſoon as it comes to your hands.

THE END.